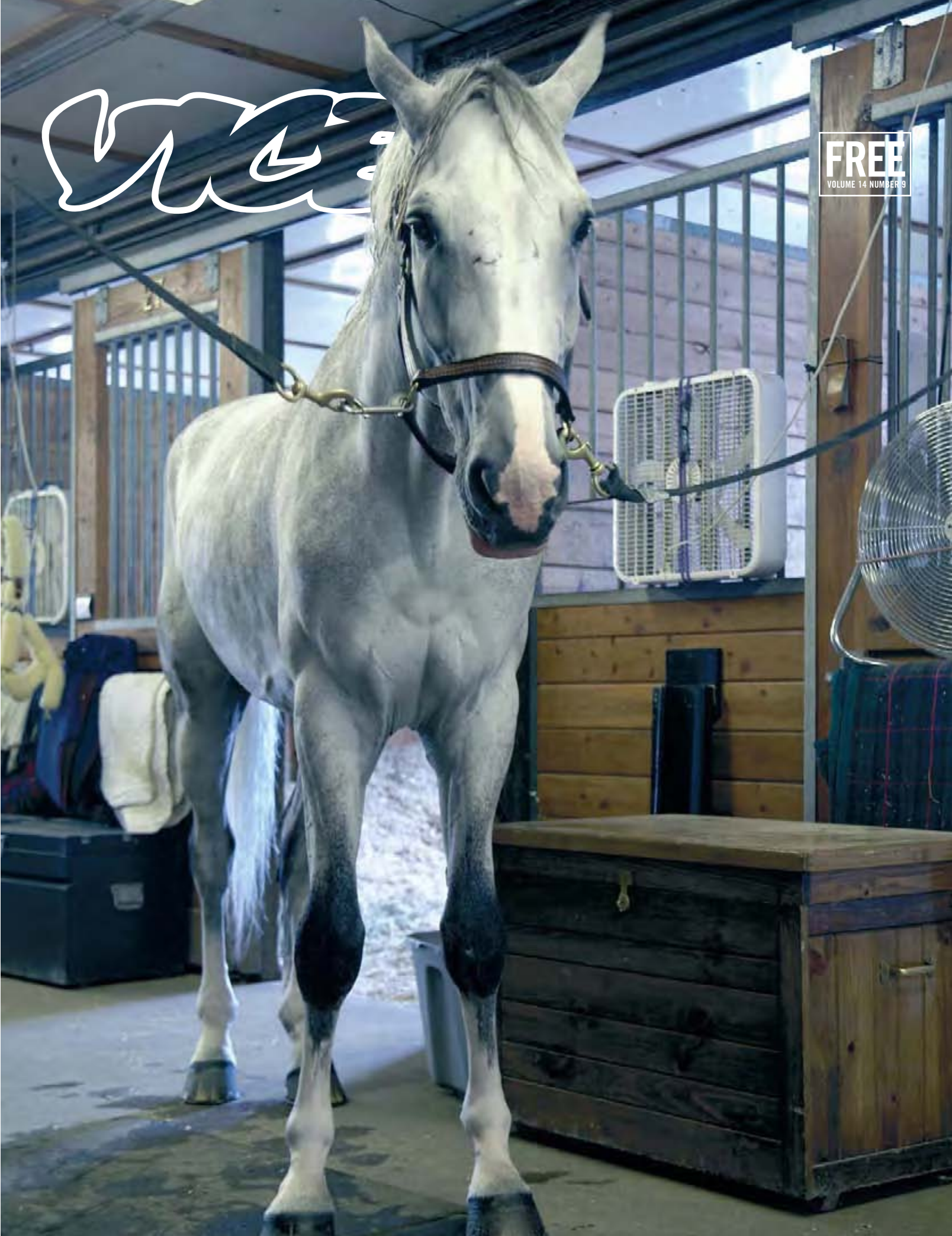


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VBS Meets Big Daddy Kane



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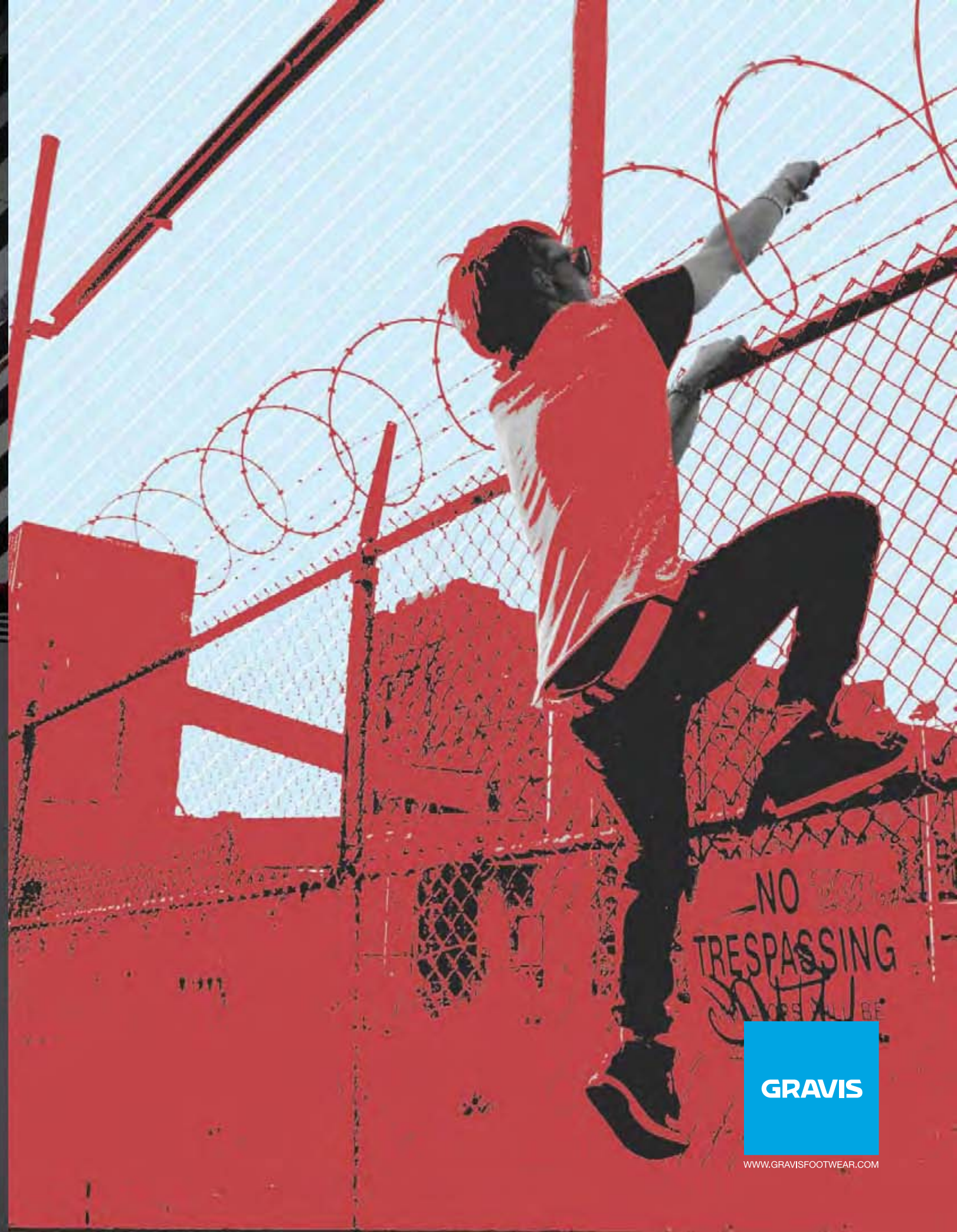
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SKATE SITS DOWN WITH MIKE CARROLL'S THUMB TO TALK ABOUT HIS NEWEST GIG.

skate: So, Mike's thumb, what's up?

Mike's thumb: Not much.

s: I hear you've been getting some big footage in *skate*.

mt: Yeah, lots of love. Everybody's been real cool about the San Vanelona session I cut together. That place is just one sick spot after another.

s: You think Mike's jealous?

mt: No. Well, maybe a little. Mike's cool, he's got his thing. But if I get TOTY, that'll probably freak him out.

s: Thumb of the Year?

mt: Yeah, I hear it's between me and Dyrdek's thumb.

s: Congrats. So, gloves or mittens?

mt: Definitely gloves, but only the kind with the tips cut off. It gets a little clammy otherwise.



s: How long have you been skating?

mt: I actually just started. I was never really into it before *skate*. Congas were my thing. I could beat those skins for hours. Wait, that sounded gross.

s: Kinda.

mt: Whatever. It's different being a thumb. What's gross to you isn't to me, and vice versa.

s: How so?

mt: Just like the insults, you know. If you tell someone, "eat [crap] and die," that's pretty hardcore, pretty aggressive. But for a thumb it means nothing. We have no mouths, so we can't eat [crap]. There's no context.

s: So how do I talk trash to Danny Way's thumb?

"... I MEAN, LOOK AT ME, I'M BUILT LIKE A FIREPLUG. I CAN TAKE ALL SORTS OF ABUSE."

— MIKE'S THUMB

mt: Tell him to stick it. That's a seriously f'd up thing for a thumb to hear, you know? "Stick it."

s: How so?

mt: 'Cause you're like, stick it where? Where am I going to get stuck? We have nightmares like that. And we never get stuck in pleasant places, know what I mean?

s: I see.

mt: What, you think it's all thumbs-up and ring pops? Your thumb has a dark side you don't even know about.

s: Are you on antidepressants?

mt: Would be if I didn't skate.

s: What's a typical thumb injury?

mt: Nothing, really. I mean look at me, I'm built like a fireplug. I can take all sorts of

abuse. Unlike the pinky. That wuss is always getting jammed and pinched.

s: So there's some intra-hand rivalry?

mt: Pinkies are great for sipping tea. But at the end of the day, it's not the ring finger that separates us from the monkeys. The other digits know what's what.

s: Any advice for young thumbs coming up?

mt: Just be true to your style. Don't try and be like somebody else. If you're short and stubby, just embrace it; skate like you're short and stubby. As long as you're real, your skating will be real.

s: Thanks, Mike's thumb. Do we shake goodbye?

mt: No. I don't really like being touched.



Blood and Gore
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Mild Violence
Tobacco Reference

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Made Jonsson, waiting for the snow.
Photo: Jeff Carter

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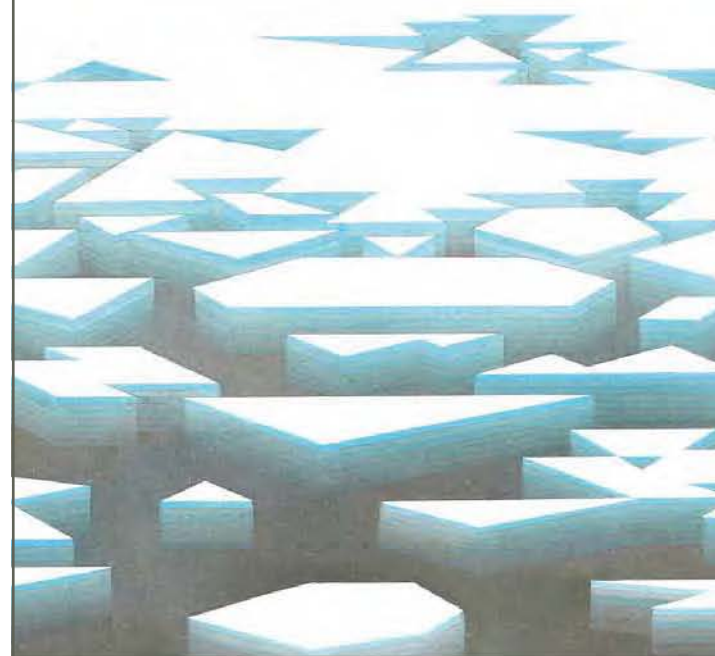


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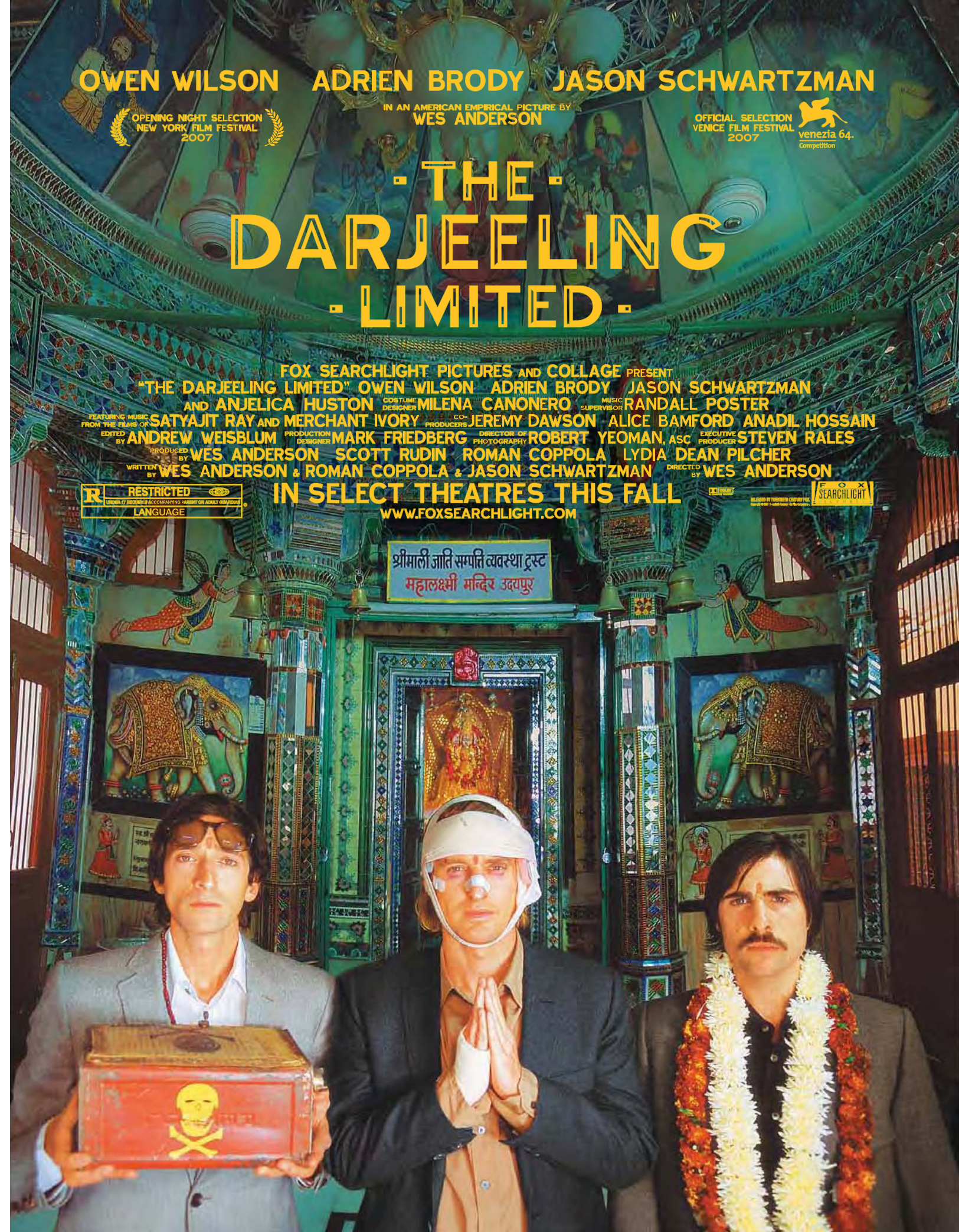
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QU

Love's Miracle

9/11/2007 • Los Angeles, CA @ The Echo

9/12/2007 • San Francisco, CA @ Café du Nord

9/14/2007 • Portland, OR @ Doug Fir Lounge

9/15/2007 • Seattle, WA @ The Crocodile

9/16/2007 • Vancouver, BC @ Plaza club

9/18/2007 • Boise, ID @ Neuralux

9/20/2007 • Salt Lake City, UT @ Urban Lounge

9/21/2007 • Denver, CO @ Larimer Lounge

9/22/2007 • Kansas City, MO @ Record Bar

9/23/2007 • Omaha, NE @ The Waiting Room

9/25/2007 • Minneapolis, MN @ 7th St. Entry

9/26/2007 • Madison, WI @ High Noon Saloon

9/27/2007 • Milwaukee, WI @ Mad Planet

9/29/2007 • Columbus, OH @ Ravioli Room

9/30/2007 • Detroit, MI @ Magic Stick

10/2/2007 • Cleveland, OH @ Grog Shop

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10/6/2007 • Boston, MA @ Middle East Upstairs

10/9/2007 • New York NY @ Mercury Lounge

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A close-up portrait of a woman with short brown hair, wearing a denim turban with a thick rope tied around it. She is also wearing a large, dark blue evil eye pendant on a black cord. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

JEANS
mavi

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EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH



JEANEEN LUND Jeaneen did a portrait series of Latin Morrissey fans that we liked so much we called her up and said, "What about Latin goths? Are they as cool-looking as the Moz ones?" To which she replied, "Yes! I will show you," and proceeded to round up some of LA's most stylish Mexigoths for us. She was psyched to do it because she used to be a teenage goth herself (favorite bands: Siouxsie, Death in June, Psychic TV). She says, "The biggest misconception about goths is that they're all suicidal. My goth days were some of the happiest times of my life."

See ROCA DE LA MUERTA, page 120.

NICK RAIN British photographer Nick Rain took up the craft while in Thailand shooting native hill tribes over 20 years ago. He has since traveled to over 30 countries around the world and has photographed everything from child labor in Southeast Asia to war and famine in Africa. His work has been published in the *Asia Times*, *Gendai*, the *Royal Geographical*, and *Survival International*. What else? Nick has published two books, *Penan: Borneo's Hunters and Gatherers* and *The Work of Giants—Rebuilding Cambodia*, and he hates having his picture taken.

See HEAVY TRAFFIC, page 151.

LAURA PARK When we saw Laura's work, we got excited in a way that we didn't think was still possible after all the shitty illos and lame confessional comics we've been seeing for years now. But Laura is different. She could be illustrating *Punch* magazine back in the 1860s (which was the best era of magazine illustrations ever), but instead she has chosen to live in the 21st century in Chicago and send us these funny, cute, timeless drawings that are perfect to illustrate our new monthly installments of arcane trivia and knowledge.

See THE PEOPLE'S LISTS, page 172.

THE DISEMBODIED HEAD OF ERIK LAVOIE We commissioned this little guy back when we did the Story Awards Issue. Can you tell who it's supposed to be? No? If you look past the swollen Dizzy Gillespie cheeks, starter dreads, gorilla nose, and general air of complete dissimilarity, you might recognize the face of *Vice* publisher Erik Lavoie. We were going to have it cast in gold to use as the award, but by the time the laff attack subsided, it was too late. These days he floats above our desks, drawing in passersby with his quizzical nonsmile (we think he's supposed to be burping while stoned). Erik hates it, which makes having it around all the more hilarious. We could stare at it all day.

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SEE IT IN THEATERS SEPTEMBER 14TH

ESCAPISTS

Dear *Vice*,

I was fucking blown away by the interviews with North Korean refugees in your last issue, not so much by the general awfulness all three of the refugees describe (sort of no-duh there, but still shocking to think that you never see this stuff in the mainstream press), but by the last guy's mention of the *koseibi* kids during the most recent famine and 918 corpse-cleanup crew. That part gave me chills of dread/excitement on par with first seeing pictures of the Holocaust or finding out about punk. Every documentary and article I've ever seen about life in NK has focused on all the same state-approved/-arranged weirdness without even hinting at these kind of hidden little cultural tidbits that you know have to exist and must be amazing to foreign eyes and ears. I can only hope that someone over there is keeping a secret record of everything the government has been hiding and that someday we'll be able to look at all these facets of their culture.

Anyways, thanks, you guys. It was a nice little head trip,

BEN SHLOSS

Arlington, VA

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Hi *Vice*,

Thanks for putting together the Boredoms' Boadrum77. I was one of the people who got in and despite losing my girlfriend at the gate (and almost for good when I decided not to leave and join her outside), it really was one of the best performances I've ever been to. Last night I was having dinner with my family and trying to explain it to my 85-year-old gram, who had this whole spiritual awakening in the 60s kind of like Homer's mom on that episode of *The Simpsons* and has since tried to keep up with interesting kid stuff to a healthy degree. I thought I was doing a good job conveying the scale of the show and how crazy and awesome it was to feel the beats and guitar-gong blasts rippling through your body, because she started to smile really big and move forward in her seat like she wanted to interrupt. Suddenly she said, "You know, I went to something *exactly* like that. I was visiting a friend in Asheville, North Carolina, and we stopped by this park right at sundown and there were all these people with drums all playing the same rhythm. It really was moving." For the next five or so minutes I tried to explain the difference between what the Boredoms put together and a fucking Asheville hippie drum circle, but she just kept nodding "I know" and "Exactly." It was possibly the most frustrated I have ever felt in my life.

Ironically enough, it did make me empathize with all those 60s hippies whose parents "just didn't get it." Sort of like giving the finger to one of those infinity mirrors. Does that make sense?

K. ANDERSON

Philadelphia, PA

Your gram is clearly an ignorant old bag! Just kidding, just kidding. Listen, to her the shitty hippie drum circle really *was* as mind-blowing as the Boredoms were to you. It's called relativity. You don't have to out-Pitchfork your grandma. Just let her have her moment, Scrooge McDrums.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS

Could you investigate the pheromonal additives in perfumes? Do they smell like sweat? Do they, in theory, make you more attractive to the same sex if you wear the wrong kind? Your help in the matter would be greatly appreciated by me and many other horny nerds.

Thank you,

DOTTY FACEY

Via email

What are we, your own personal Jessica Fletcher? Do your own detective work. Jesus. I guess now that there's Google and Wikipedia, we're lucky anyone turns to magazines for any info on anything at all ever. But still, what's wrong with you? Are your wrists broken?

SIR, OUTSTANDING KICKS, SIR!

Hey,

I just wanna tell you that I've enjoyed your magazine even though I got like 2 issues outta the 12 since I've spent the last 14 months in Afghanistan fighting ragheadz! I got some crazy pics. Being a sneaker-head out here doesn't help, since I missed out on all these kicks and graff. Anyhow I enjoyed that DVD and book you made about the shittiest places in the world. The Pakistani trucks in the pictures are the same as Afghan jingle trucks—they are so crazyyyyyyyyy.

Anyways, thanks again.

SGT. ALEX R.

Afghanistan

Remember back when sergeants were the kind of guys who could bend steel with their bare hands while reciting the complete works of Thomas Paine and drawing you a diagram of how to best fold a dress shirt? Apparently now they are into sneakers, graffiti, and, um, *Vice*. No wonder we're going to lose the war in Iraq.

SHOECADÉMIA

Hi,

Anthony Cady here. Professor of footwear/shoe design at FIT in NYC. Think Tim Gunn, only not gay or polite. Also made (with my two hands) shoes for Jay "Motherfucker" McCarroll's runway show last fall.

A story idea: limited-edition Nikes—their real value/cost, \$30 in labor/materials + \$1,000 hype? Better yet an entire issue on shoes!

Best,

ANTHONY CADY, FIT ACCESSORY DESIGN DEPARTMENT

New York, NY

We'll put out the Sneaker Issue right after we do the Over Our Dead, Ass-Raped, Upside-Down-Crucified Bodies Issue. (Thanks for writing!)

URGENT, URGENT — EMERGENCY

Vice,

The welcome screen on your website has a map that shows Bolivia and Chile as one country. Could you look into this?

DEAN MCLURE

Via email

No.

THE TRUMP CARD

Dear *Vice*,

I was introduced to your magazine by my cousin, the leader of the Seattle garage-punk band, the Pulses. He mentioned that your magazine is the hip magazine of indie and youth culture. When checking out the magazine's subject matter, we realized that your magazine would be perfect for doing an article on finger jousting. If you haven't heard of the sport, it's an obscure sport similar to arm wrestling mixed with fencing mixed with jousting. You can find all of the information you need on our website, fingerjoust.com. If you guys are interested in the sport and would like to do an article, interview, or something, feel free to contact me. Your magazine sounds like it has the perfect demographics, and I think your readers would get a kick out of it. Thank you for your time and may the joust be with you.

Cordially,

JULIAN R. GLUCK, LORD OF THE JOUST,

PRESIDENT OF THE WFJF

Via email

I started to try and think of something clever to write in reply to this but you know what? You stumped me. I have no idea how to come back at such a stupid idea. You win, I guess.

Send correspondence to vice@viceland.com (include city and state/province) or to Vice Magazine, 97 North 10th Street, Suite 204, Brooklyn, NY 11211.

Letters are edited for length.

TOMMY DEWAR SAYS.

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THAT COUNTS

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LOADY AND SINUS ACTION FIGURES

Johnny Ryan's comics are so stupid and gross and disgusting, they go full circle and become high-concept art that ivory tower academics should be discussing in some rich guy's salon. Therefore, by displaying these prominently in your home, you are saying to guests, "I'm either really fucking smart or borderline retarded, but I am definitely not boring so stick around."

See Johnnnyr.com for details.



BEAN ICE CREAM

Got a nagging sweet tooth? Hungry for some delicious sugary ice cream? Want a cool refreshing treat? How about eating a fucking frozen bean?



THE CUTE TRAY

Serving young people alcohol can be daunting because they've never tried it before and they're still reeling from having cocaine in their nose for the first time. Putting all your party supplies on a kitten tray however is a great way to ease them into the party and get them relaxed enough to really, thoroughly enjoy themselves.



SUCKY DRINK

With all due respect to the people at Global Sucos, you might not want to get toddlers to name your lemonade. Especially when they hate lemonade.



JIZZ CHALK (FOR EXAMPLE)

Fuck hemp. Over 3,000 gallons of male sperm are wasted on bellies and Kleenex every couple of hours. If we could harness that protein, the number of household products it could make is innumerable.



VERTICAL TOOTHBRUSH

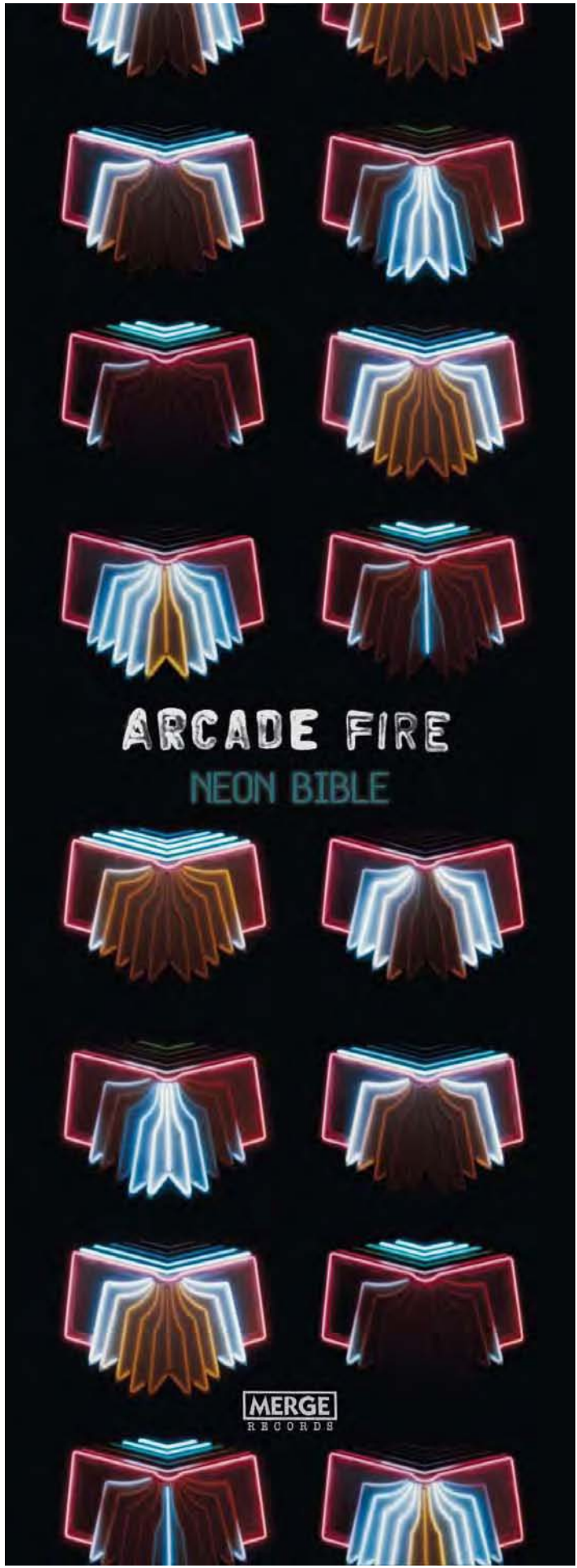
Invent a better toothbrush and the world will beat a path to your door. Invent a toothbrush where you're supposed to awkwardly jerk it up and down your face like you're beating off an invisible dick and the world *might* get one from the dollar store to mail in as a potential Tidbit.



BRITNEY SPEARS DOLL

You know somewhere, somebody is holding this prebreakdown Britney doll and crying, "Why, Britney? Why-y-y-y?" It might be an 8-year-old girl or it might be a 30-year-old drag queen in a K-hole but it's happening. I guarantee it.





TIDBITS (A MONTHLY LOOK AT THE THINGS WE LOVE)



CHALLENGER POWER COOL KNIVES
Thanks, Chinese manufacturing, now the kids can pretend to be highway-patrolmen serial killers who savagely slash strangers' entrails to shreds and let the blue-black blood pour into the endless darkness of night.



YOUR FAVOURITE FLAVOUR
Without a good marketing team doing your research you have to kind of guess what the consumer wants to put on his food. Actually, fuck guessing. This is whatever you want it to be.


CUP FROM STAGE WEST
The only thing more delicious than booze is sipping it out of a cup with a has-been on it. Stage West is Canada's Branson, Missouri, which means it takes sad celebrity to a place where old Greg Brady has a mustache and isn't kidding.

THIS MONTH'S WINNER: VERTICAL TOOTHBRUSH
TO WIN YOUR FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO VICE, SEND TIDBITS TO:
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THIS PAGE:
- FAT CAT CHAT
- POLE POLL



Please don't eat the giant bunnies on page 56.



Get rid of that pesky foreskin on page 86.



She who smelt it dealt it on page 130.

STUFF LIKE THAT

"I feel bad for busting a nut while picturing something foul, like a pug having diarrhea on my chest."



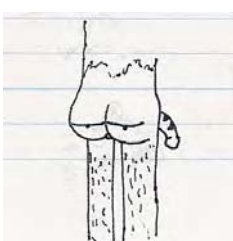
Garshield



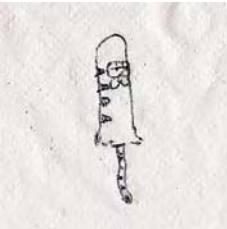
Burgerfield



Butt Plugfield



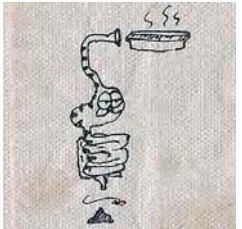
Buttfield



Tamponfield



Conjoined Twinfield




Digestive Systemfield



Vicefield

Outsider Artfield

 Jon and Ford are two normal guys who like to do normal guy stuff: go to a bar, get drunk, and draw hundreds and hundreds of weird little mutated Garfields on napkins and then post them all up on their greatly entertaining website called Garfieldvariations.com. There are so many Garfields to see and enjoy—clown Garfields, spider Garfields, Hasidic Garfields—they even drew us our very own *Vice* Garfield. So we tracked one of them down to find out who our funny new best friends are and what their deal is.

Vice: What is your deal?

Jon: Ford and I drew most of the Garfields on napkins, drunk, at a bar. It started with, "Hey, do you know how to draw Garfield?" We were testing ourselves, trying to draw from memory, and the results all looked retarded or just a little bit off. From there things got progressively weirder.

What were some of the first ones that you did?
You start off with a lot of dick ones, some vagina ones, a couple of Jesus Garfields on the cross. Ford did a gay Brazilian prostitute Garfield that was amazing. I think we lost it, but we have a massive collection of these drawings. Thousands probably. It's like Da Vinci's notebooks but full of Garfields. The ones on the website are a tiny fraction.

Is your website as popular as it deserves to be?
Hahaha, no. We put it up at least six months ago and we were wondering if anyone would ever find it. I would love to get more submissions. We've

gotten a few. The well-drawn ones are submissions, and the ones that have dicks and are drawn shittily on napkins are the ones me and Ford did.

Are you an artist?

Um, no. I mean, I dunno. I'm a filmmaker.

Weird, because you're such a good draw-er!

Well, that's the thing about Garfield. You know it from your whole life. It's ingrained.

Totally! The only two things I can draw are Garfield and Ziggy.

Yeah, and really, the only thing that makes something Garfield is little black triangles. Garfield is like a palette. It's so recognizable that you can apply it to anything. Like, we did one drawing called "Pile of Garfield," and it's just shapes—triangles, circles, the weird mouth squiggle—and it's really gross-looking but it still reads as Garfield.

You must be able to draw Garfield with your eyes closed by now.

Yeah, we do these ones called "Speedfields" where you see how fast you can draw it. At 45 seconds it still looks like Garfield, but we can do it in about 8 seconds now and it really boils it down to the essence, to Garfield's pure form.

Do you collect Garfield stuff?

No, but my ex-girlfriend got me a Garfield alarm clock. Oh, I also have a stuffed Garfield wearing shades on top of my dresser. But that's it.

Do you hate Mondays?

Pff, who doesn't!

KELLY AMES

VICE STREET POLL: HOW DO YOU PREVENT PREMATURE EJACULATION?

INTERVIEWS AND PHOTOS BY
BRETT NELSON



What's the best way of fighting premature ejaculation during sexual intercourse?

Michael Strobert: If I premature-ejaculated, I would feel like I suck and like I'm not making what I need to make... So I just don't do it, basically.

Is there anything weird that you think about to keep your mind off making that mistake?

I just think about the nastiest things I can think of, like a really, really fat person throwing up yellow pudding. That's what I usually think about, just a disgusting fat person puking and shitting.



What do you think about to keep your spunk in the cum gun?

Erik Tebbs: Thinking doesn't work anymore because the visuals get overwhelmed by what's going on around me and then I feel bad for busting a nut while picturing something foul, like a pug having diarrhea on my chest. These days I usually pinch my eyelid really hard, just short of drawing blood.

That doesn't weird out the person you're with?

I try to angle myself so that it isn't obvious—so far no one's called me on it. The big problem is that its effectiveness is starting to wear off and recently I've managed to come in spite of the pain. I'm probably crossing some major wires.



What do you think about to prevent an early nut-bust?

Dylan Jackson: Umm, my grandmother... who's dead now.



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THIS PAGE:
- MENTAL FOR
METAL




"I did have one girlfriend
who wasn't into metal.
It lasted three days."



Roger Tullgren (right) with Udo Dirkschneider from Accept. Photo courtesy of Roger Tullgren.

Hello! The Government Pays Me to Listen to Metal All Day

 Roger Tullgren, a 42-year-old dishwasher, has been classified as "handicapped" by the Swedish government because of "an addiction to heavy metal."

Before you start going, "Oooh! Stop the victimization," please take into account that Roger is being financially subsidized by taxpayers to continue his ridiculous foible of blasting metal all day at his chosen place of work, even if it's a café where old ladies go to sit quietly and talk about who's died recently.

Hardworking Swedes are now paying a quarter of his salary so that employers can pay him less and, therefore, have more incentive to hire him. This nets him \$600 a month on top of his regular dishwashing paycheck of about \$2,400. Err, what the fuck is wrong with you, Sweden?

Vice: So your employer is fine with your obsessions because of the government money. What about your girlfriend?

Roger Tullgren: She's getting used to my ways. Anyone who wants to share their life with me has to be into metal. I did have one girlfriend who wasn't into metal. It lasted three days.

When do you mostly listen to metal?
From when I get up until I go to bed.

What's your favorite morning music?
I like death metal in the morning. Lately it's been the new Vital Remains release. I've had the honor of working with them myself, as a stage technician. I have these monitor earplugs that filter out all the harmful sounds, so I can still work with music. I'll be standing next to a loudspeaker that's blasting 130 decibels right in my face and I'll still hear people talking a few meters away.

Aside from getting this money from the government for essentially being a stupid piece of shit, what's the best thing that ever happened to you? Getting to meet Accept in '84. They all signed my jean vest. That vest is 30 years old this year. My new one is 15 years old. On the day 20 years after I met the band the first time I got to meet them again. And not only did they all sign my new vest, but they remembered my old vest too!

What's your favorite band at the moment?
It's a Swedish band called A Little Bitter. They've just been on a worldwide tour and they are top-class metal. They broke up for a while and now they're back together. If they could just keep things together this is the future. I'd listen to them any time of the day. It just makes me really happy. When I listen to it, I can hear the joy!

ALAN UNNES

VICE STREET POLL: HOW DO YOU PREVENT PREMATURE EJACULATION?



What thoughts do you use in your war against ill-timed emissions?
Shawn Henry: I think about sports.

What kind of sports? Watersports?
Nah, football. Like, if I'm fucking and I'm about to come I think about watching the NFL on TV. Just thinking about a bunch of burly dudes playing football at that moment takes my mind off it. It works.



How do you relax and not do it when you wanna come?
Chris Sims: I think about being in a room of 50 people and

everyone laughing at me when it happens.

So you're trying to impress these people?

Absolutely. I'm trying to dazzle the world with my sexual performance.



What's your best bet for fighting hasty release?
Michael Rennie: Roadkill.

Like the most recent roadkill that you've seen? Or roadkill you have in your room?

Just like dusty, old, dried, really shitty-looking dead animal.

Like a stinky carcass with flies hovering around it?

Yeah, pretty much.



What do you think about during sex to keep from coming?
Brian Carr: Fucking a teddy bear and crying.

You mean like you imagine the girl as a teddy bear? And she's crying? Or are you the one crying?

No, no, just a teddy bear. You know, poking a hole in it and having sex with it and crying at the same time... Not very sexy.



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"Doesn't she look like a true Germanian? But even in her, there hides Jewish blood."

Explain Yourself, Please!—Where Were You When the Shit Went Down?

 We recently stormed an old folks' home in Germany and roused them from their plates of bratwurst pudding to ask one burning question: "What were you up to a scant 68 years ago when your entire nation was consumed by one the most evil regimes in the history of humanity? We're just wondering."



Rudolf Spitzer, born February 20, 1921, Silesia

When I was 14, the Great Depression came and I didn't have work, so my dad said I should work with him. Then came Hitler and I joined the Hitler Youth, like everybody. I had a Jewish girlfriend so I had to break up with her. My friends told me that if I didn't break up with her, the SS would come pick me up. Her whole family was picked up.

I had to go into the military when I was 18. First I was sent to France for my labor service, then I came into the artillery and stayed there until the war started with Russia. They brought us to Smolensk. That's where I saw my first dead person. He was a friend of mine. I remember a guy screaming, "A plane is coming!" and I jumped under a car. When I came out, I saw that my friend had died. From Smolensk I got sent to Minsk. I was wounded. A shell splinter shot into my face. Then I came to Stalingrad. The only reason I survived was because I was a sergeant and didn't have to go to the front line.

PHOTOS BY MEIKE KENN
INTERVIEWED BY
ALEXA KAROLINSKI



Liselotte Giese, born September 24, 1922, East Prussia

I was 11 when Hitler came to power and I remember everything. He was obsessed with conquering the world from the beginning. He was smart and knew how to convince the masses. My parents believed it. They'd wake me up in the middle of the night to hear his speeches. They openly took Hitler's side and believed in his idea, which was an advantage for us but a disadvantage for many other people, like the Communists. The worst was the thing with the Jews and for that I take responsibility. There are people who say that there was no Holocaust or that they didn't know about it. That's not true. We saw it ourselves. We had Jewish friends and lived through them being picked up and gassed. I am a witness and I am not the only one. Everyone knew. People saw what happened in the Kristallnacht. People just hated the Jews. My father was a soldier in the army and saw what happened. As soon as he was given vacation, he came back, took off his uniform, dug a whole in the ground, and burned it.



Helga Heinicke, born April 3, 1931, Berlin

In school the teachers used to drum into our heads that the Germans are something special. We had Aryan blood, we were blond, and unfortunately I was really blond. I had to get up in front of class during the subject of racial theory. The teacher told the class, "Look at her, doesn't she look like a true Germanian? But even in her, there hides Jewish blood." Can you imagine how a 14-year-old girl reacts to that?

I will never forget the Kristallnacht in 1938, when the Jew stores were destroyed. I asked my parents what was going on and my father said, "Well, Jews live in this neighborhood. They are all being picked up now." All Jewish stores were smashed to bits.

I have a problem when people say that they didn't know anything. Of course not everyone was a Nazi, but people believed Hitler because he managed to bring racial theory to perfection.

I lived in Berlin until until we were bombed in 1944. About a year later, they made that call-out in Berlin, "Do you want the total war?" Everyone screamed, "Yes, yes, yes!" Nobody remembers that anymore.

VICE STREET POLL: HOW DO YOU PREVENT PREMATURE EJACULATION?



How do you thwart rapid climax?

Billy Lynch: I think about the fucking Empire State Building and shit because that

shit gets me scared. Then I'm good, I don't come for like an hour. Or like crashing into a brick wall in a car. That shit would suck... So yeah, I'm good after thinking that shit.

Why do you have so many hickies on your neck?

Shit just gets crazy sometimes, man... Gnarly.



Let's say you've been having sex for two minutes and you feel like you're gonna come. What do you do?

Danilo Parra: I try to concentrate on my breathing. I count each breath, 1... 2... 3, and sometimes I get to 20, sometimes 50, just completely focusing on that. Also I gotta close my eyes because if I'm seeing what's happening then it's over. It's better if the lights are off.



How do you avoid being a one-minute man?

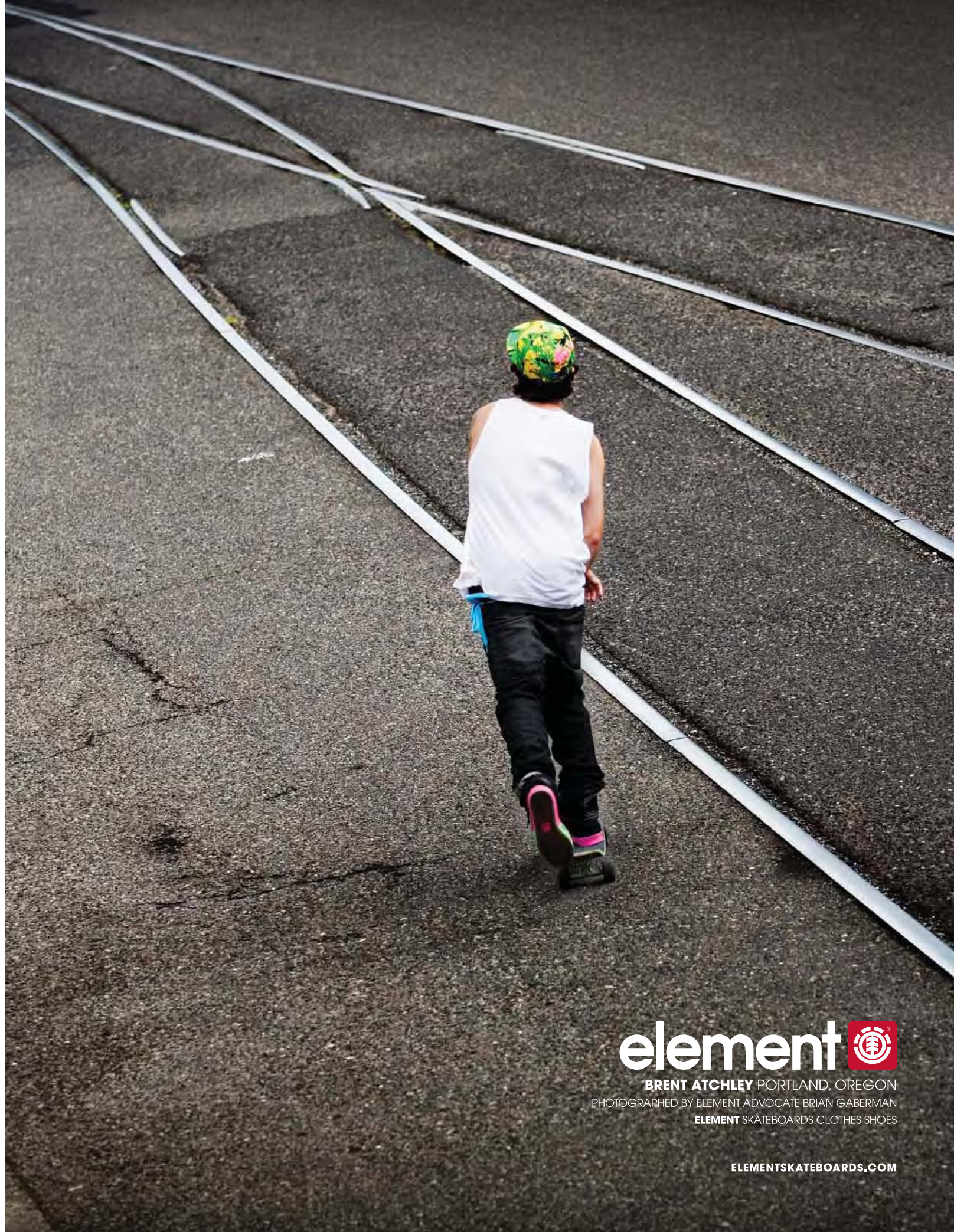
Craig Murphy: It's kind of going to happen no matter what, so I just swear in my mind a lot, like, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Shit! Please no!" And then it happens. There's really no way of delaying it. Maybe praying... but I don't really pray. So yeah, I just swear a lot.

So some nights are good, and other nights are just a "bust"?

Yeah I go in strides, or in phases, like for a couple weeks I'll be good and then for, you know, like three months it's pretty much just no luck at all. It doesn't last and the sex is awful.

Have you ever thought about maybe jerking off in the morning so the sex lasts longer at night?

Oh yeah, I jerk off like four times a day. I jerk off a ton. If I don't release at least two times in the two days prior to sex I know I'm screwed.



element 

BRENT ATCHLEY PORTLAND, OREGON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELEMENT ADVOCATE BRIAN GABERMAN
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PIG INK

Tattooing Swine in the Name of Art

PHOTOS COURTESY OF WIM DELVOYE

Artist Wim Delvoye is into giving tattoos to pigs. (No point in trying to figure out a fancy way to say it, really. The guy tattoos pigs.) Due to laws that say it's all right to punch pigs in the head with bolt pistols and then cook and eat them by the thousand but not all right to ink a smiling marlin on the odd swine, Delvoye has had to buy a plot of land in China to farm his "organic art." When the pigs die, they are either stuffed and mounted on a plaque or their skin is stretched over canvas and preserved. Start saving up for one today!





Vice: Why did you start tattooing pigs?

Wim: I started tattooing pig hides, which I'd get from the slaughterhouses, in 1994. It was only in 1997 that I started to work on live sedated pigs. I tattoo pigs because they grow fast and they are so much better to tattoo than fish. I tattoo them when they are young and I like the way the artwork stretches and distorts over time. Essentially, we invest in small tattoos and we harvest large paintings.

Have you ever tattooed a person?

Yes, of course. I have tattooed art critics, art dealers and art collectors, and lots of butts. I come across my needle-work everywhere I go. Some designs I try for the first time on people and, if they work, I will surely re-create the tattoo on a pig.

To the close observer your work is laden with contradictions. For example, aren't you a vegetarian?

Yes, I am a vegetarian. I am also very, very clean. I wash my hands like 100 times a day.

JONATHAN WEST

You can see more of Wim's work at Wimdelvoye.com



BRIAN BROWN
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WHO'S HUNGRY?

*Giant Bunnies:
North Korea's Furry Hope?*

We all know that North Korea, one of the world's last socialist strongholds, has been facing a long-term economic emergency, with famine and poverty claiming 2 million lives a year at its peak. Despite surviving on handouts from China and South Korea, the country has a "Military First" policy that shows no sign of letting up. A quarter of its GDP is spent to maintain the highest percentage of military personnel per capita anywhere in the world. In 2006 Amnesty International reported that 37 percent of North Korean children were chronically malnourished. In response to such staggering conditions, head of state Kim Jong-il decided to develop the country's nuclear program. Later that year the whole nation rejoiced when North Korea tested its first atomic bomb. But sadly enough, you can't eat nuclear waste.

Kim and his cohorts went back to the drawing board and came up with a novel solution. He decided to contact champion German giant-rabbit breeder Karl Szmolinsky, whom he undoubtedly read about on the internet like the rest of the world. We recently met up with Karl and his mutant rabbits to see what the eff is going on.

Vice: How did you get into breeding rabbits?

Karl Szmolinsky: It all started at a show in 1964. Out of all the rabbits I liked the Deutsche Riesen most. They had good bone structure and form. I bought a female and four babies and I've been breeding ever since. Back in the early days no one believed you could grow a rabbit bigger than 12 pounds, but my club did it. Starting next year they're going to put a 27.5-pound limit on competition weight. I can understand why. Each competition judge has to inspect around 70 rabbits per show and after a while you know you've been lifting rabbits.

What makes a prize rabbit?

The judges look at weight, posture, ear length, and facial proportions. Then they make sure there are no mutations or oddities, like protruding penises. The rabbits should also have black rings around the tops of the ears. You see all sorts of tricks. This one guy got his hairdresser girlfriend to dye the rabbit's ears but the judges noticed when the color started coming off on their hands. They were banned for two years.

How do you get your rabbits so insanely big? Everyone has a different theory. My friend Siegfried feeds his rabbits beans but I tell him they'll never get big if he doesn't change their diet. I use diverse foodstuffs, but always organic. I cook for my rabbits too. Three times a week I cook a fresh meal with plenty of greens. Herbs are essential to protect the rabbits from intestinal disease. It can make them swell up overnight and then in the morning they're dead.

That makes sense. But where do the North Koreans fit into this?

I got a call one day from the head of our club. He said the North Koreans wanted to buy a couple of Riesen. I had some I was going to kill for Christmas so I said yes. The North Korean Embassy asked if they could come to inspect my rabbits. Two weeks later what seemed like the entire staff of the North Korean Embassy turned up at my door. The minister of agriculture came too. He just kept



they had arrived safely but nobody answered the phone. Then they said that the rabbits were in a museum, which I thought was a bit strange. They had studied the book I gave them and said they didn't need me anymore, but that they would still fly me to North Korea to oversee the breeding center they were building. I was so excited. I've lived in this little town my whole life and have never been abroad. Then the day before I was supposed to fly I got a call at 5:35 in the morning saying, "Herr Szmolinsky, you're not needed anymore. We have everything under control." I tried calling the embassy but as soon as I said my name they would just hang up. I'd even done a deal with the ZDF [local TV channel]. They were going to do a film about me. They made me a personalized hat and jacket. But the North Koreans said without a visa we wouldn't be allowed in. Then everything went completely quiet.

Did you ever find out what happened to your rabbits?

A few weeks later a journalist from London called me. He'd just got back from the birthday celebrations of Kim Jong-il and said he'd seen my rabbits, including Robert. They were being eaten by the leader and his guests. It's clear to me now that the whole thing was a big scam. They sent in their ministers and invented a story to trick me, just so they could put on a fancy banquet for their leader. In my opinion all politicians are bandits. They're definitely not getting any more of my rabbits.

Has anyone else wanted to buy them?

The agriculture minister from Cameroon came to look at my rabbits. They wanted to start breeding to combat widespread starvation but it was never going to work. Cameroon's too hot for rabbits. I'm currently in negotiation with the Chinese government. I don't mind selling to the Chinese. A friend of a guy I know had a house there and said it's much more like the West, not like North Korea.

INTERVIEWED BY TOM LITTLEWOOD

"In my opinion all politicians are bandits. They're definitely not getting any more of my rabbits."

saying, "Riesen... Riesen, 22 pounds... 22 pounds!" They didn't care about anything else. They said they'd take the six biggest, including my prize rabbit Robert. I gave them a special price because they told me it was for a good cause. They were going to breed my rabbits to feed the starving children in their country. I also gave them a book about how to look after rabbits. That turned out to be a mistake.

Why? What happened next?

One month later the rabbits were sent off to North Korea. We tried calling to make sure



Mountains of broken computers, heaps of chips, motherboards, and printer cartridges virtually filling the streets of a South Asian village...



CTRL+ALT+LANDFILL

China's Secret Computer Graveyard

PHOTOS BY LUCA GABINO

For years, I've heard fables and legends about a mysterious cemetery somewhere in China. I heard whispers on the internet and from Chinese friends about mountains of broken computers, heaps of chips, motherboards, and printer cartridges virtually filling the streets of a South Asian village. But it was kept quiet by the notoriously tight-lipped Chinese government. It was kind of like the elusive elephant graveyard, but with technological offal and guarded by mean communists. I decided that I would make it my mission to go there.

I slowly discovered that 80 percent of all the electronic toxic waste collected around the world ends up in Guiyu, a small town in the southern China province of Guangdong. The town imports more than 1 million tons of this stuff every year. Almost 90 percent of Hong Kong's computers end up there, but 60 percent of the total waste originates in the USA. The exact location of Guiyu has been kept secret by the authorities, but I already knew that Shenzhen was the biggest city in Guangdong and that it was just an hour and a half away from Hong Kong.

Even with Hong Kong being Chinese again, we had to go through customs to get into Shenzhen. We boarded the bus to Cheng Dian, guessing it was the nearest city to Guiyu. On the bus the situation got even creepier when the hostess pulled out a video camera and started filming each passenger for "security reasons." I was the only Westerner on board. During the three-hour bus ride the same advert looped on the in-bus televisions. It showed Shenzhen as a city of fun, happiness, and luxury. Looking out the window at the gray factories, the sea of cement, and the columns of smoke I had to ask myself if any of the other passengers were falling for it. Toward the end of the

journey I found a university student who spoke a little English. Taking a chance, I asked her where Guiyu was. She acted quite perplexed at first and replied that no such place existed. But I could tell she knew something, so I begged her until she scribbled directions on a piece of paper.

We arrived in Cheng Dian at night and I took a room in a cheap hotel. I spent the next day trying to find someone who would tell us more about Guiyu. The locals denied its existence. Fortunately I found a taxi driver who was willing to take me there for the relative mountain of cash that is 40 euros. I handed him the directions that the girl on the train had written for me, and we set off in almost total darkness. The driver eventually dropped me off at the only hotel in the proximity of Guiyu. From the car, all I could see was a big white block of cement surrounded by garbage. I stepped out into the most surreal landscape I have ever seen.

It was a sea of garbage. The heaps of trash began accumulating next to the hotel walls and did not stop for as far as the eye could see. The whole town was a construction site, with the old wooden barracks being replaced by unfinished houses. You can still spot Guiyu's rural past in the barracks that once clearly constituted most of the town, but the e-waste economy required more accommodation for the 200,000 migrant workers who moved to Guiyu in the past six years. Everywhere around us people were busy carrying or unloading computer parts. Huge piles of outer shells lay next to construction sites, layers and layers of motherboards and CD players were dumped in the courtyards, and thousands of bags of chips spilled inside and outside, forming massive mountains between the tiny dwellings. Children were dividing tiny chips by color in the street.



It was a sea of garbage. The heaps of trash began accumulating next to the hotel walls and did not stop for as far as the eye could see.



Photo by Davida Nemeroff (Marshwinds Farm) Sackville, NB



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Children were dividing tiny chips by color in the street. Adults were grilling circuit boards on barbecue grills.

Adults were grilling circuit boards on barbecue grills. They melted the soldering and removed the chips, and then the women would separate the parts in different bags and wash them with water. After the circuit boards were soaked in acid to recuperate bits of gold, they were finally either burned or buried.

I witnessed kids between the ages of five and ten working in barracks with no ventilation, with people all around them burning everything from the metal components of computers to wires to extract the copper. When the PVC and the brominated flame retardant around the wires burn, they emit high levels of chlorinated dioxins and furans, two of the most persistent organic pollutants. As a result, the local river is so contaminated that the levels of acidity are almost total. The water contains an estimated 2,400 times the recommended levels of lead, and it's not hard to notice: The river is literally black from the toner of printer cartridges and from washing the burned motherboards. The toner contains carbon black, a known carcinogen, but the locals wash themselves, their clothes, and their food with this water. It's so toxic that even boiling it doesn't come close to purifying it. Above the water, the air was thick with smoke. Around it, the land is so irreparably poisoned that nothing can grow. All the food and drinking water is imported from out of town.

On my third day in Guiyu, I managed to get to the main dump. The mountains of computer parts I had seen so far were nothing compared with what awaited. The roads were in a constant state of traffic jam with trucks, motorbikes, and even mules carrying parts to be "recycled." It was hell. Thick smoke hung like storm clouds. It hurt to breathe.

As I stopped to take pictures, a furious woman came out of nowhere, charging me with her broom, trying to grab my camera. Not wanting to cause trouble in an illegal toxic-waste dump in south-

ern China, I ran back to the car. She followed, waving her broom around like a baseball bat, banging on the windows. She broke the windshield. She was blind with rage, trying to break the remaining bits of glass off with her bare hands. When she saw she couldn't do it she stuck her broom through the hole she'd made and started smacking me in the head.

Then the police showed up to—I naively thought—rescue me from the crazy woman. I was very wrong. They ordered me to wait in the car while they interrogated all the witnesses except for the woman, whom they let calmly walk back to her barrack. People crowded around the car and stared at me as if I were an exotic animal in a cage. After an hour the police told my driver to follow them to the station, where I was interrogated for an hour with the aid of a translator. I told them I was a university student on vacation. I had previously hid the better rolls of film, so I could hand them the ones that were no good to me. They let me go back to my hotel, chauffeured by the poor driver whose car had been beaten up by the crazy old woman.

A few days later there was a knock at my hotel door. It was the cops again. They took me back to the station, where I was questioned by six cops. I thought they were going to beat the shit out of me. After an hour of repeating myself, I convinced them that I was merely a student on holiday. They believed me! That is, until they got the owner of the hotel to show them the ID card I'd used to sign in. Under job description, it said "photographer." Whoops. The interrogation started again. I played it dumb, hung my head, and told them I was just a silly student who takes amateur pictures and has no idea what is going on in their town. Three hours later they finally released me and I high-tailed it right the fuck out of Guiyu. I will never go back.

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THE GREAT FIREWALL

Surfing the Chinese Inter-Not!



Photo by MLDD. Protest photos by "Tina" (she didn't use her real name for fear of government reprisal).

When I was lined up waiting to cross the Macao border into China for the first time, I was honestly scared. From everything I'd read about the police and the central government in the papers, I couldn't shake off the feeling that they were going to just arbitrarily arrest me, jail me, and execute me. I was being paranoid, I guess, because I finally got through immigration without incident and took my first step into the mainland.

As time went on I began to realize that it was actually OK to criticize the government in public here, that emails and instant messages were most likely not being monitored. Even as an artist, you can get around censorship somehow because the Chinese art market is soaring and the government is proud to finally have a valid cultural export again. Usually, if you mind your own business and not theirs, daily life is pretty much free. Sometimes, however, crossing paths with the government is unavoidable. That's when you find out just how serious it can be.

I moved to a seaside city called Xiamen, which was formerly known as Amoy, at the beginning of this year because it is rated as one of the top three most scenic and comfortable places to live in China. I think it's more likely that this is one of the top three "livable" places left due to the country's recent development, which has left the environment apocalyptically devastated.

This past March, information began leaking out that a Taiwanese-run chemical plant was secretly being constructed in Xiamen. According to many scientists, the chemical Paraxylene (PX), which the plant would be producing, is a highly polluting and carcinogenic petrochemical that would damage the surrounding environment as well as increase the chance of fetal abnormality during pregnancy. Not a good thing. In addition, according to text messages that were being forwarded from person to person around the city, if there was an accident at the factory, it would be like "dropping an atomic bomb on Xiamen Island." In the past, the company had plans to build a factory in Taiwan but was rejected by their own government because it was deemed too harmful and unsafe. Apparently though, it's OK for China even though the plant is being built less than a mile from the nearest residential area and only four miles away from downtown Xiamen. According to international standards, PX manufacturing should be kept at least 62 miles from any major urban settlement.

In May, most of the residents of Xiamen, myself included, started hearing about an illegal demonstration that was planned to take place on June 1. The PX project was government-approved so, in their eyes, if you oppose PX, then you oppose the government too. People started avidly discussing the situation using blogs, emails, instant messenger, BBS, and text messages while the government's internet police did its best to block, ban, and monitor anything containing the two letters PX. Seriously. For a couple of days, a Chinese acquaintance of mine named Zhezi, a college student and clothing designer, went around spraying graffiti that read, "I Love Xiamen. Everyone is an island. Everyone is Xiamen. Anti-PX." Around the same time, he posted photos of an Anti-PX t-shirt that he had designed and was planning to sell on his blog. "The next day six men came to my dorm room," Zhezi told me. "Some of them were from China's Ministry of State Security, some were from the Department of Urban Construction, and some were part of the university's security department. They confiscated my t-shirts and warned me not to attend the protest if I still wanted to graduate this year."

As June 1 approached, the government's fear of a mass demonstration grew. Word on the street spread that the police, armed guards, and the military would be deployed and that the government





would fire any of their officials and employees as well as any university and school teachers who joined in the march. Furthermore, any students who were caught attending were threatened with expulsion. The government defended itself by saying that it was not being entirely unreasonable because they were allotting a special area in the municipal government's parking lot where a legal demonstration could be held. There was just one little catch: Demonstrators were going to be expected to line up, get their photos taken, and have their personal information recorded by officials before they could start demonstrating. Then on May 30, a day before the rally, the government announced that construction on the billion-dollar petrochemical plant would be temporarily put on hold. Some believed it was just a ploy to pacify the people but, according to state media, nearly 1 million text messages were sent to the government urging them to abort the project. But even after the government announcement, the demonstration was not canceled.

On the morning of June 1, "there was only a small group marching," a protester who wishes to remain anonymous reported to me, "but there were many people on the sidelines watching. The mood between the protesters and the police was tense at first, but once everyone realized that it was safe to march, many people joined in. By the afternoon, if you counted the marchers and the spectators, there were about 10,000 people there. The police force and the military were outnumbered. They tried to form lines to blockade the roads, but it was easy to go around them. Actually the police didn't show much resistance because it looked like they secretly agreed with us." My protestor friend showed me photos that he took of the march, and I could see that there were many kinds of people including lots of kids. "Overall, it was very peaceful because the people of Xiamen are really laid-back," he told me. "There were police officers giving bottled water to the protesters, but the people refused, saying they would not drink water from the enemy." He laughed when he told me that his friend who works for the Special Police (the Chinese equivalent of the FBI) told him a few days after the rally that he saw him at the protest and joked that he could get him arrested if he wanted to. In the end, the demonstration lasted two days without any major incidents. I asked if anyone got arrested and he said that he heard that a few of the major organizers were detained.

I was stuck at home trying to get an idea what was going on through my computer. If you are a foreigner and get caught at a public demonstration in China, you will immediately be deported and denied entry back into the country in the future, and I don't want that to happen to me. During the protest, there were many people uploading photos of the event on the internet. On average, about five minutes after a photo had been posted, the entire site or page would be blocked by the internet police. Eventually people started putting photos on Flickr, which probably lasted the longest (approximately a day or two) before their page and account were inaccessible. On June 7, the entire Flickr site was blocked across most of China. Flickr posted a statement on their website that they "definitely care very much about our friends who cannot access pictures. We have been contacting people to hopefully get a positive resolution with restoration of photos," but after doing a little research, it became clear to me that China is making a deal with Yahoo! to make a Flickr China, which means the government will have tighter control over users. Now there are rumors swirling around here that YouTube will be blocked and replaced with YouTube China in the near future. They've already got Google. Can MySpace and Facebook be far behind?

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MADE IN TAIWAN

ChthoniC Bring the Manners Back to Black Metal

Things that are awesome about ChthoniC: They're the biggest metal band in Taiwan, they're the first Asian band to tour with Ozzfest, they just put out an elaborately packaged ten-year anniversary DVD called *A Decade on the Throne* (no pun intended, we think), they have two girls in the band (quick, name another metal band with two girl members. Can't, can ya?), oh, and the drummer wears a spike-studded leather surgical mask when he plays that looks really neat and now whenever I see those old ladies walking around Chinatown wearing surgical masks I think of that and giggle.

Another big thing about ChthoniC is that they've been banned in parts of China because of their support for the Taiwan independence movement. A brief history: In 1949, when Mao was on the slaughter, killing everyone who didn't love communism (50 million people), Chiang Kai-shek said "Fuck this" and fled to Taiwan to start a capitalist China. He had to kill a bunch of indigenous people

but it worked. Currently, Taiwan operates as an independent democratic country, with free press, no censorship and a thriving economy. Basically they're Canada, while China is like Africa but freezing. Still, when you live in Taiwan, your address is Taiwan, Republic of China. Communist China has all these laws to prevent them from becoming an independent nation and they're not allowed to be part of the UN, which sucks because that's where all the fun is (if you're a country).

Heavy stuff for the Ozzfest audience to ponder after they get bored of head-butting each other and puking, eh? Anyway, I spoke to ChthoniC's main guy, Freddy Lim, on the first leg of their tour. They were in Albuquerque, so we had plenty of time to chat.

Vice: When did you first get into metal?

Freddy Lim: When I was in junior high school. I started with all of the glam 80s metal bands like Guns N' Roses and Motley Crüe.

We call them hair bands.

Yes, apparently. Then I listened to more and

more heavy bands like Metallica, Slayer, Exodus, Testament, Megadeth. And by the time I was in high school I was listening to black metal like Carcass and Morbid Angel. I worked my way up to it.

Is there a big metal scene in Taiwan?

Not really, but it has gotten bigger than it was 10 or 11 years ago. When we first started playing, we were the only metal band in Taiwan who wrote original songs. There were a few other bands but they just covered hair-band songs. Sometimes we would play for three fans. We never expected what we have now, where sometimes we play for thousands of people.

Have you toured all around the world?

We've played in Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, and a few shows in European metal festivals, but this is our first tour in the US.

What's your favorite place to play so far?

Maybe LA. The fans in Asia are so polite and the fans in the States are much crazier. There

Photos by Jamie Warren



Photos: Will Redd

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were some fans who showed their titties at Ozzfest. We like our fans in Asia too, of course, but sometimes they are so serious during the show, trying to analyze your guitar technique instead of really getting into it.

Why have you been banned in parts of China? Well, not just us. Beastie Boys, U2, Rage Against the Machine—many Western bands are banned in China. All because we express our political messages. We stand for freedom and human rights, and so we have to be banned.

That means you're cool if you're banned. It makes the kids like you even more. Maybe, but I really don't want to say things like that because I hope that China can improve their human rights situation soon.

Your tour is called the UNlimited Tour as a protest against the UN. Why are you protesting? The UN doesn't allow Taiwan to be a member, which is really unfair. We should be a part of the UN, of the WHO—all the international organizations, and we should have the same basic rights that you have.

What's the story behind your album *Relentless Recurrence*?

The UN doesn't allow Taiwan to be a member, which is really unfair. We should be a part of the UN, of the WHO—all the international organizations, and we should have the same basic rights that you have.

It's the classic story of a female ghost-demon in the 16th century. At that time there were pirates who came from China to rape the women, destroy the families, and grab all the treasure. The story is about a woman named Natao who committed suicide after her family was killed by pirates, and became a demon. She went to China to get revenge against the pirates, and when she finished her revenge she was cursed by the gods and ghosts. The curse was that she has to do it all again and again, forever, and that is what's called Relentless Recurrence.

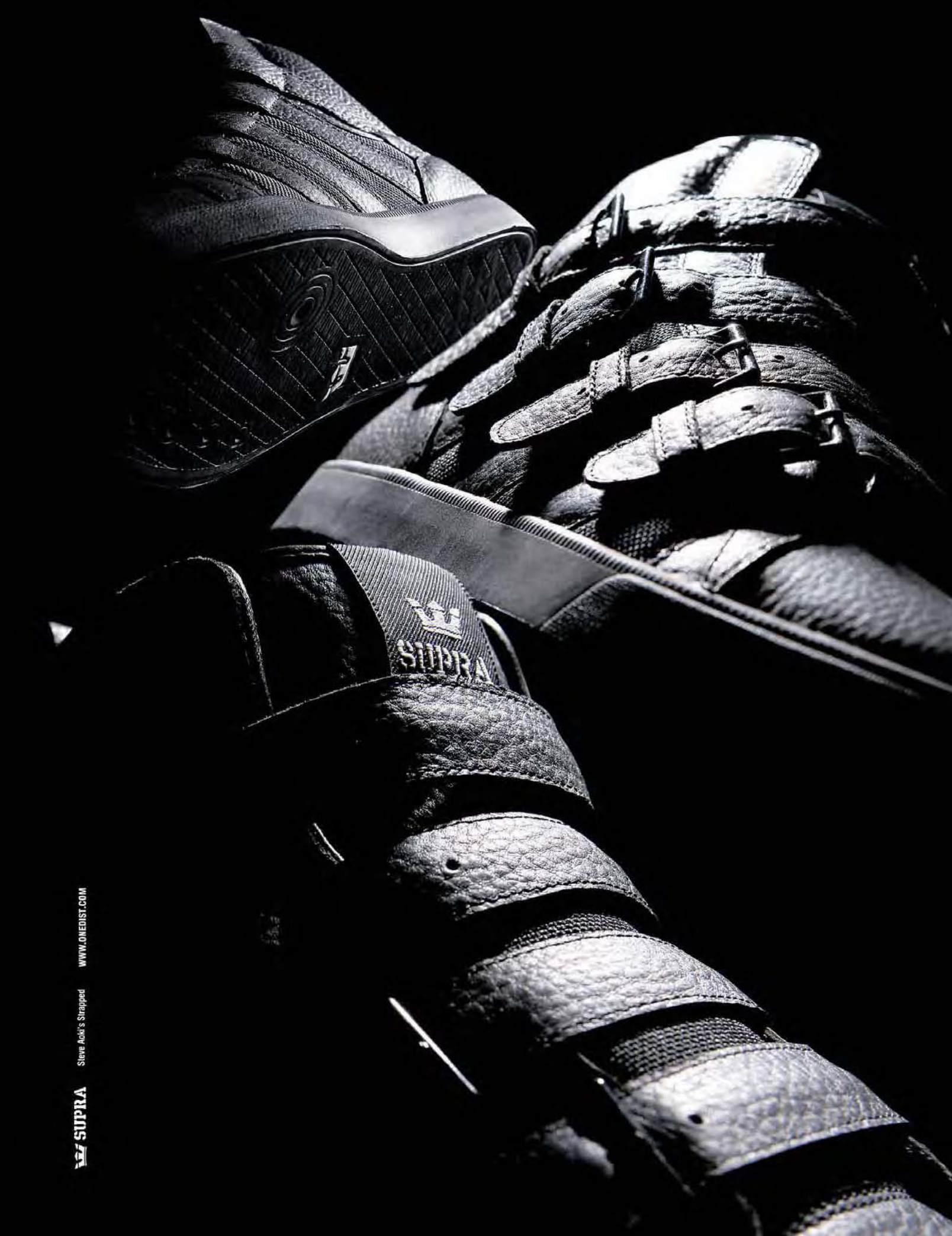
Wow, that's perfect material for a metal concept album.

Yes, it's quite different from the stories in China. In China there are always happy endings, but in Taiwan all the stories are tragic. Also, we use a traditional instrument called a *hena*. It's like a violin, and it has a very sad tone.

You mentioned that the corpse paint you wear is also a part of Taiwanese mythology. Yes. Because we are fans of bands like Emperor, Immortal, and Enslaved, we wanted to try Scandinavian-style makeup, but it didn't fit our faces. So we made our own kind of corpse paint. It's the style of corpse paint that ancient Taiwanese priests wore to communicate with ghosts. It's called "The Makeup of Eight Generals."

What's the craziest thing that's happened on Ozzfest so far? There are quite a lot. The other day we were in the autograph-signing tent and a female fan said to us, "You made my pants wet five times." We never expect this kind of feedback from our fans so we are always stunned and never know how to react. But we always say thank you.

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REHABISTAN

Queuing for Recovery at Heroin's Ground Zero

TEXT BY JEREMY KELLY,
PHOTOS BY TRAVIS BEARD

As we've been telling you in our last few issues, it's really easy to get opium and heroin in Afghanistan, where over 90 percent of the world's supply is produced. The United Nations Office of Drugs and Crime estimates that there are 1 million drug users in the country—about 4 percent of the population. Of these, about 150,000 are estimated to be using opium or heroin. Some smoke it with dried scorpions and snake heads, while many parents use it in place of medicine. That's correct: Heroin. As Medicine. For kids.

Naturally, wherever there are people using, there are people needing rehab. Our friend Jeremy Kelly went to see how Afghanistan is working to arrest its rapidly swelling drug problem.



This poster is real. It means, "Hey, please don't blow heroin smoke in your baby's face anymore."



In the pockmarked southern suburbs of Kabul is the Nejat Center, which was set up in 2002 and is the oldest drug-treatment facility in Afghanistan. Funded by a group of NGOs, it operates on a structure that has worked with some success in Pakistan since the mid-1990s. Demand on the center is so high that prospective patients, desperate to get in, are first required to complete up to three months of voluntary daily counseling to assess their commitment to kicking the habit. On the day I visited, I sat with a group of 25 men who were listening to a former user talk about how he weaned himself off heroin. The group ranged in age from late teenagers to long-bearded grandfathers. One had brought his young son while another was a policeman, in uniform but not on duty.

After the group session, the center's director, Dr. Tariq Suliman, guided me through the clinic. Some users, he told me, beat their addiction during the three-month counseling, but for most it's a daily struggle. Of the 1,700 on the waiting list, only five patients a week are selected for the residential program, which involves going two weeks cold turkey. Upon arrival, they are washed, have their heads shaved, and are given fresh, clean clothes. They are all taught personal hygiene during the initial counseling, and for the first few days, they will try to sleep as much as possible.

When we entered the detox room it was 11 AM and all five patients were still asleep. One of them woke up when he heard us speaking and cracked a smile and shook my hand. His name is Mohammad Salim and he was introduced to opium in Pakistan and for the past nine years has been battling to stop. It's hard, he says, when there are few jobs and it's so easy to score. He is determined not to go on being a junkie dad. "I was in a very dark place. Now I am trying to get my head in the light," he says.

Another patient, Maqsoud, checked himself in after he missed his infant daughter's funeral. He had used some of the 800 afghanis (\$16) his father had given him for the ceremonial cloth and gone out and bought heroin instead. When he woke from his drug-induced slumber, he returned to his family's home to find that his daughter had already been buried and he had missed the whole thing. Ironically it was the wake-up call he needed and the only reason he is now in the middle of a full recovery in the Nejat Center.

Dr. Suliman says war has introduced many Afghans to drugs—and still does. "When you take drugs, you see the helicopter as a butterfly," he says, recounting the description given to him by patients. The center dispenses about 100 syringes a week and as many condoms and has a success rate of between 30 and 35 percent.

War has introduced many Afghans to drugs—and still does. "When you take drugs, you see the helicopter as a butterfly."



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“When mothers are weaving carpets, they might not have the time to look after their children. So if the child starts crying, they make a solvent from opium to pacify them.”

Outside of Kabul it’s tougher to prevent and treat drug abuse. The relatively peaceful north of the country produces many of the famous Afghan carpets, as well as a younger generation of drug users. A UNODC national project officer we met, Mohammad Aqa Stanikzai, told us that “when mothers are weaving carpets, they might not have the time to look after their children. So if the child starts crying, they make a solvent from opium to pacify them.” Others use it for relief from the aches produced by monotonous hours behind the loom.

One family we met in a village called Tokahi, near the Uzbek border, was so poor they had sold their loom to buy food and support their opium habit. The husband now works as a laborer and most of the \$1 to \$1.50 a day he earns is spent on opium for himself, his wife, and his children.

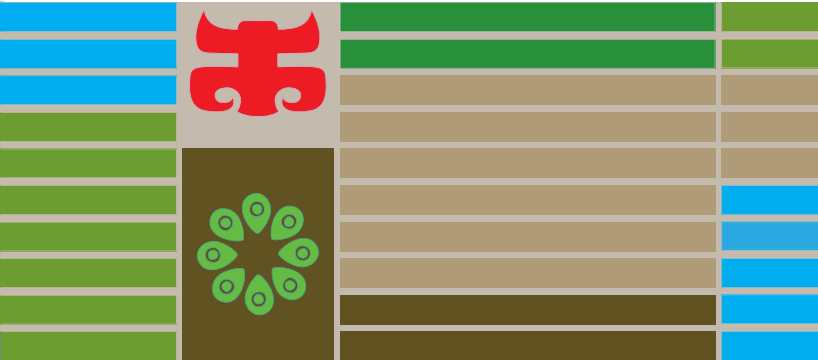
The mother, who didn’t give her name, admitted to getting her children hooked but said she knew no better and had no other choice. “Until one month ago we had no services to buy medicine. It’s 60 kilometers to the nearest pharmacy and most of the opium is given to us, free. We didn’t know it was bad for them.” In the western city of Herat a mother spoke openly about her and her daughter’s opium addiction. They have been using for about a year. The mother started to combat depression after the death of her husband, who had been a drug user for 25 years. She introduced the drug to her daughter to cure pain in her leg. The daughter’s habit keeps her revolving out of school and into rehab.



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Together with its NGO partners, the UNODC uses what it calls Demand Reduction Action Teams to help both those in remote regions and women, who in male-dominated Afghanistan cannot check in for treatment as easily.

In remote Badakhshan, the second-highest opium-producing province, the drug is used liberally in place of medicine, often with disastrous consequences. Recipients get a taste for it and before long they are hooked. Others seek to enhance their high by catching scorpions, killing and drying them, and then crushing them into a powder that is mixed with either heroin or opium. It's said to produce hallucinogenic effects. Others use the heads of dead, dried snakes in place of scorpions.

In Herat province, close to the Iranian border, 4,000 patients are on the waiting list for one of 20 beds at the Shahamat clinic, funded by a German NGO called GTZ. The UNODC is seeking to find sustainable futures for many who have found drugs as a way to escape the seemingly endless chain of war and poverty. They provide classes for both women and men in tailoring, with some having successfully opened small businesses.

Afghan and Western efforts to curb production have been stymied by an insurgency (most ferocious in Helmand province, which on its own produces a quarter of the world's heroin) and the government's inability to stamp out corruption. Perhaps unsurprising when the president-appointed corruption-buster spent nearly four years in a Nevada prison for heroin trafficking and you can be offered hashish at a wedding from a Ministry of Counter Narcotics official you've just met. Meanwhile, the number of drug users continues to climb. "This is a battle in Afghanistan that will be won," Public Health Minister Amin Fatimie says optimistically. But with a country almost wholly dependent on foreign aid, it will need help. Fatimie believes that the international community has realized the importance of the issue, but getting the message across to the people of Afghanistan, where illiteracy is as high as 90 percent in some districts, makes its prevention-before-cure policy somewhat tricky.

A recent initiative has been to print 20,000 antidrug booklets for mullahs to use during Friday prayers. On the streets, billboards portray the devil dancing around opium fields while government-produced matchboxes depict a smiling man among huge sunflowers with the reverse side showing the man cowering under giant poppy bulbs.

Fatimie's immediate concern is intravenous drug use—a relatively new phenomenon in Afghanistan, arriving after the fall of the Taliban in late 2001.

Predictably, it has spawned a spike in HIV—69 registered cases, but the real figure could be as high as 2,500. The government-run Drug Demand Reduction Department now covers 17 of the country's 34 provinces providing specialized help within hospitals, but the task of treating the problem is really the domain of the UN and non-governmental organizations. The public health minister says saving this new generation from the drug menace will not only help his people but also the world, since his country is the global wellspring of heroin. We'll see if he succeeds in plugging it up.

A recent initiative has been to print 20,000 antidrug booklets for mullahs to use during Friday prayers.

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Love and Marriage Under Wraps

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY SANNA SJÖSWÄRD

I was born in Iran in 1973. My biological mother was unable to take care of me, so I was placed in a children’s home in Tehran when I was just a few months old. I lived there for the first four years of my life, and then in 1977 I was adopted by my Swedish parents.

In 2000 I went back to Iran. I found my birth mother, Sedighre, by taking out an ad in a local paper. I discovered that I had two sisters and that we had lost our biological father, Abolfazi, to an addiction. He died in ’92.

My parents met at a very young age. She was 18. My father started abusing drugs and alcohol soon after. He used to lock Sedighre up in a room and go out for the night. When he came back in the morning he would unlock the door. My mum told me she was very afraid to be alone.

I’ve been back many times, and during one trip, one of my sisters got married. I took these photos during the wedding.

Sanna just published a book called Roots. It’s about her going back to Iran to find her biological mother. To look at it, go to Sannafoto.se.



Tehran, July 21, 2005. It is 24-year-old Mariam’s wedding day. She is getting married to Mehti. During the wedding, women and men are not allowed to mingle. The men celebrate in one room, women in another, and the bride and groom eat their wedding dinner alone in a third room. No alcohol is served. Everyone drinks Fanta.



In the morning Mariam has gone to a beauty salon to pluck her eyebrows and remove facial hair. She will also try on the wedding dress and have her hair styled.



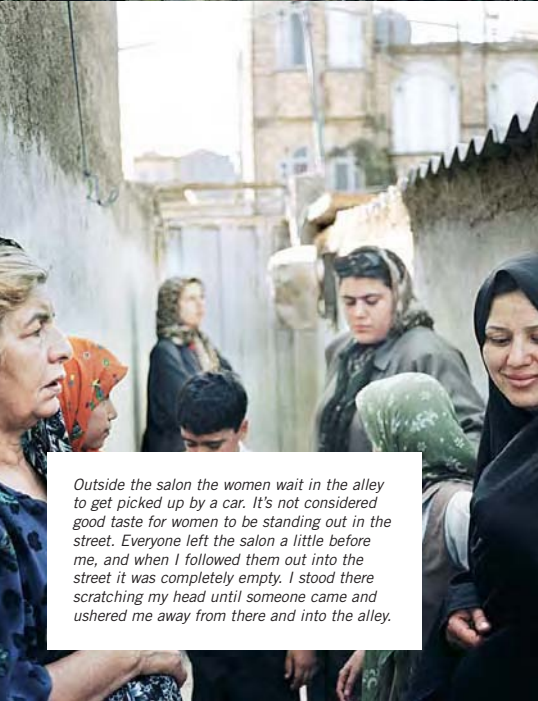
At the salon Mariam is having her makeup done with a silver marker pen for eyeliner. She struggles to endure the pain. The text on the pen says: “Warning, avoid contact with eyes, can lead to blindness.”



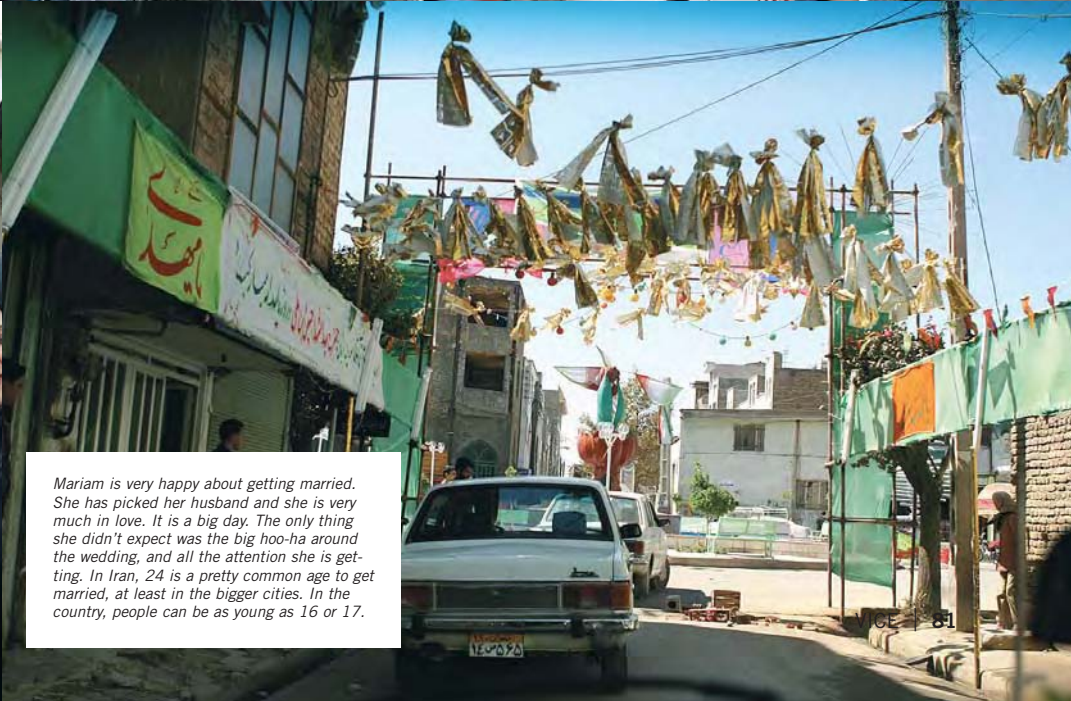
Spirits are high. The women in the beauty salon are very loud and there is an abundance of gossip. There is music blasting from the boom box and the women talk about everything, from how much money their husband is making to how their neighbor has gotten a new car. The entire day before a wedding the salons are usually packed with women getting ready for the party.



Mariam and Mehti are picked up by car at the beauty salon. People gather around the car to get a glimpse of the bride.



Outside the salon the women wait in the alley to get picked up by a car. It’s not considered good taste for women to be standing out in the street. Everyone left the salon a little before me, and when I followed them out into the street it was completely empty. I stood there scratching my head until someone came and ushered me away from there and into the alley.



Mariam is very happy about getting married. She has picked her husband and she is very much in love. It is a big day. The only thing she didn’t expect was the big hoo-ha around the wedding, and all the attention she is getting. In Iran, 24 is a pretty common age to get married, at least in the bigger cities. In the country, people can be as young as 16 or 17.



Mariam has worked as an assistant at a health-care center for a year. After the marriage she must quit her job and stay at home to cook, clean, and wash for her new husband. It is not uncommon for women to have jobs, but once a woman gets married the husband is supposed to support the wife, and not the other way around, even if they're poor. Men are vain, and he wants to look good in front of his family. I think Mariam is OK with quitting. That's what you do when you get married.



The wedding wasn't as grand as they can be in Iran. The bride's parents aren't that well-off. There was a little wedding reception at a restaurant and there was food. The bride and groom were in the praying room.

After they're married Mariam and Mehti will move into an apartment in the Eslam Shahr area, where Mariam was born and raised. Mariam's parents, sister, and brother live in the neighborhood too. The couple have received interior furnishing as a gift from family and friends.



A female wedding photographer takes their picture. She directs them to smell a rose and look lovingly at one another.



At the wedding everyone talks about how beautiful the bride is, how many kids she'll have, if she's been getting any decent gifts, and who the man is related to. The bride and groom are pretty much the only things people talk about.

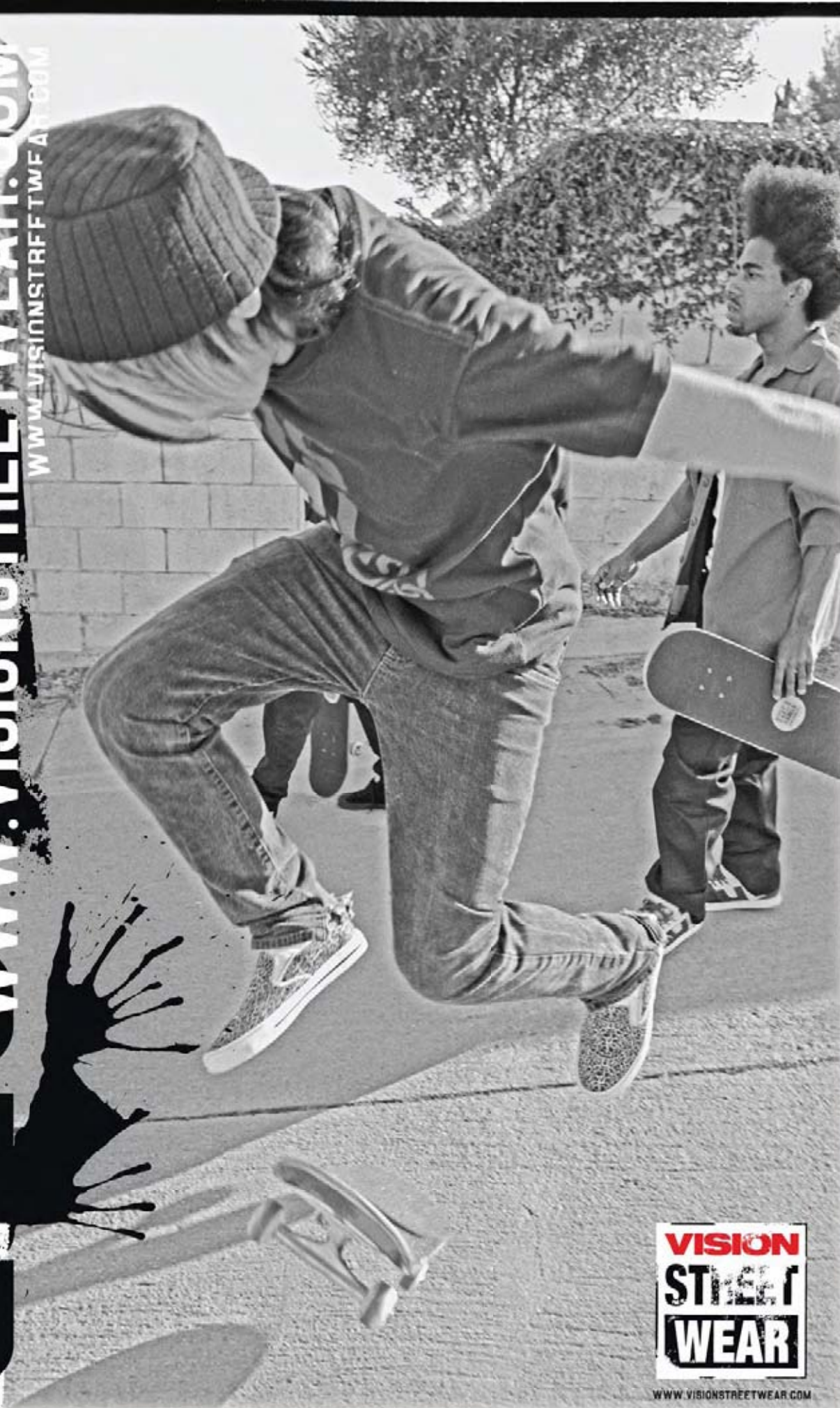


After the dinner the bride and groom leave the restaurant. They speed around Tehran in their car, and all their friends and relatives follow in their cars and sing and honk their horns.

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When we get to the family of the bride they will slaughter a sheep and burn incense, and the bride will say good-bye to her parents. Then she leaves to go live with her husband in her new home.



Since I'm not from Iran it was hard to know what was OK behavior and what wasn't. When you're not at home or in a relative's house, you have to think about how you conduct yourself. I was taking photos of my niece at a bathing house and the staff came up to me and threatened me. They forced me to delete all the photos and said that if I had ever showed them I would have been hung.



Another person I met during my trips to Iran was my sister's daughter Eliahe. She is ten years old. They all live in Eslam Shahr, outside the southern part of Tehran. The class distinctions in Iran are clearly noticeable. This is the lower-class part of town and there are heaps of garbage everywhere and no streetlights. The residents paint the concrete walls in bright colors. In Eliahe's yard there are flowers and butterflies painted on the walls of the house. She's a happy kid, and she doesn't seem to worry about the future.



This woman is watching Britney Spears on MTV, something that obviously is totally illegal.



Sedighre's husband, Āshghār, and their first-born son Mahdi, 28, take a nap after lunch. Āshghār works as a truck driver and is married to two women. They are both named Sedighre. Mahdi owns a hairdressing salon. He works 14 hours a day, seven days a week. His dream is to move from the slum of Eslam Shahr to northern Tehran, home of the rich people.



OUCH OUCH OUCH OUCH OUCH!

A Day at the Circumcision Palace

PHOTOS BY MAURO D'AGATI



This boy is Ali. This picture was taken as he was being circumcised in the operating room of the Kemal Özkan Circumcision Palace. The two-story building includes a playground with a go-kart track, a dancing hall, and a restaurant.



Before the procedure, the boy is distracted with music and a clown, all to help him forget the mind-shattering pain that will soon wash over his entire body.

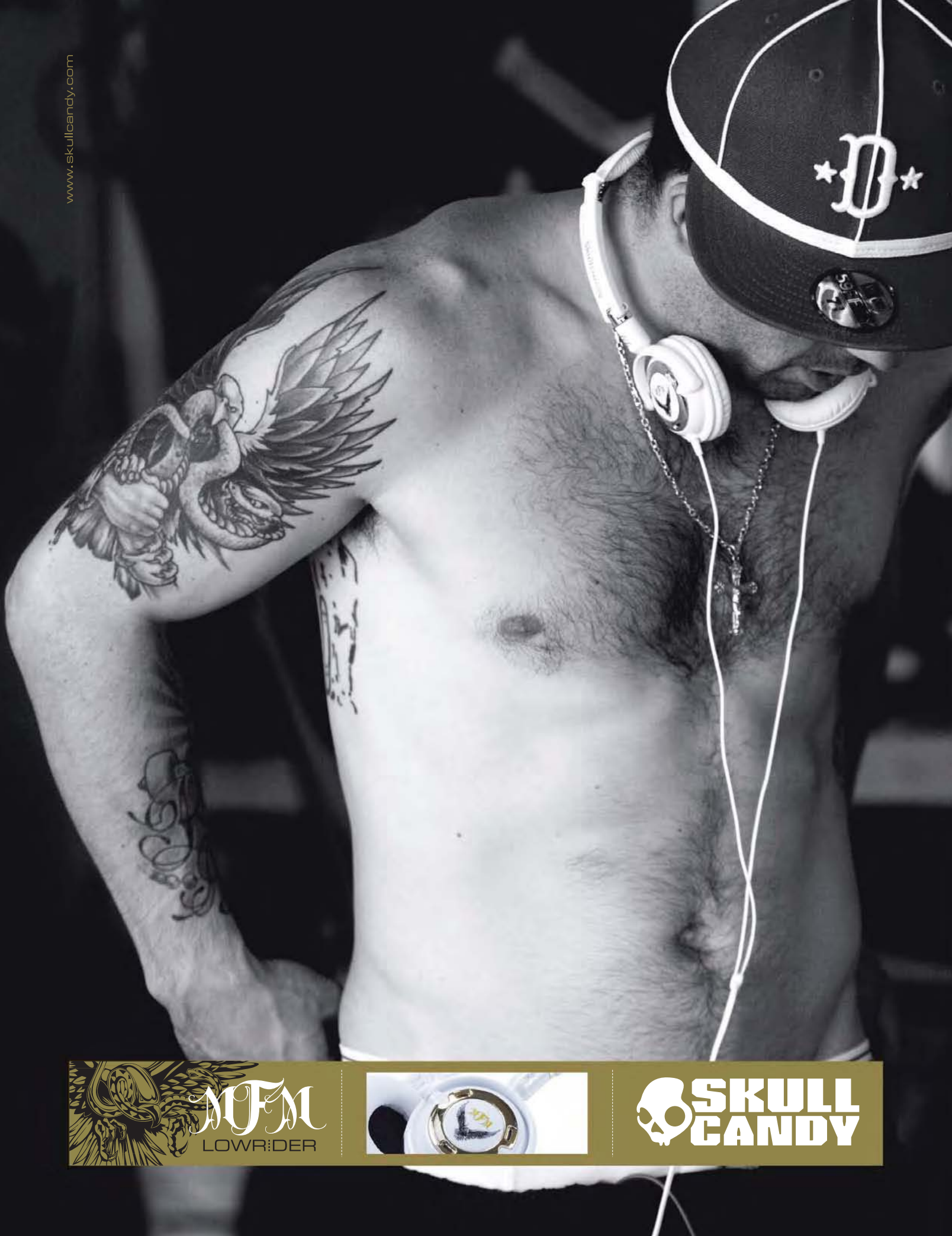
In Islamic Turkey, circumcision is much more than a surgical procedure. Traditionally occurring between the ages of five and 12, and known as the “first joy,” it’s seen as the first landmark in the boy’s religious life, proof that he is strong, brave, and ready to be called a man. To this end, the procedure is generally performed with local anesthetic or none at all, as the pain is an integral part of the ritual. In the festivities surrounding the circumcision, the boy is made to wear a king’s costume, and the assembled family and friends shower him with gifts and tie gold coins to his belt. Almost 30 percent of Turkish parents, including medical staff, choose the traditional method over the postnatal procedure in hospitals, and in rural Turkey up to 85 percent of circumcisions are performed without any doctor at all.

The “circumcision experts” who are called to perform the ritual instead of medical personnel often inherit their position from their fathers. As a result, the official literature is filled with reports of vomit-inducing botched procedures, some of which end with severed urethras, infections, gangrene, amputation of the penis, and even death.

Kemal Özkan, a 58-year-old qualified paramedic, is a Turkish celebrity. He is known as the Sultan of Circumcision. He has allegedly operated on more than 100,000 children in his 37-year career and his famously outlandish publicity stunts have included performing circumcisions on horseback, on a camel, and in flight.



Mustapha kisses the great Kemal Özkan's hand before his circumcision. Kemal is well-known as the greatest circumciser in Turkey, partially thanks to his PR stunts, such as performing 2,000 procedures in one 24-hour penis-snipping marathon.



www.skullcandy.com





A boy named Ahmet, wearing the traditional costume, is getting prepared for circumcision by Kemal's assistant. The clapping people behind him are his immediate family.



The girls behind the window are trying to get a glimpse of their cousin's circumcision. Circumcision, although not explicitly mentioned in the Koran, is seen as obligatory for most Muslims. An uncircumcised man, for example, cannot perform the pilgrimage to Mecca.



The assistants are tying wire around the boy's penis, as his family films the event. After the summer, the peak time for circumcisions in Turkey, Kemal travels to Germany to circumcise children of Turkish immigrants.



The child has given his ceremonial hat to his brother. Watching over the operation are his mother, grandfather, and sisters. Traditionally, the boys are held down by the man who will become his kirve, which is similar in concept to the Christian godfather.



The child visits the Eyup Mosque before attending his First Joy. In Islam, whatever the Prophet did is called sunnet, and, according to Arab custom, Muhammad was circumcised at birth. This is the origin of the Turkish word for "circumcision," which is also "sunnet".



The Eyup Mosque. Thousands of Muslims flock to pray at the great mosque, bringing along their children a few days before their party.

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A street photographer who specializes in portraits of children visiting the mosque on the day of their First Joy, showing his wares.



This is the first phase of the actual circumcision, performed in front of the gathered family and friends.



As the paramedics continue the operation, the screaming child is assisted by his kirve. The kirve will theoretically become part of the boy's family, and the boy cannot marry the kirve's daughter, as it is considered incest.



An unwilling child being walked to the operating table so the procedure can be completed.



This is right after this boy's circumcision. Some lucky kids have the luxury of new equipment that makes the procedure much less painful. He was one of them.



Following the circumcision, the child is checked to make sure he can urinate correctly. The parents are trying to distract the child to alleviate the trauma he just went through. Success!

An advertisement for Nice Footwear featuring a pair of black and orange sneakers. The sneakers are shown from a side profile, with the orange stripe running along the side. The background is black. The text "STYLE: 'N-BALL'N'" is written in white and orange. Below the sneakers is the Nice Footwear logo, which is a shield with a large "N" and "SS" inside. The website "WWW.NICEFOOTWEAR.COM" is written below the logo. At the bottom, the address "AMERICAN SPORTING GOODS 101 Enterprise, Suite 100 / Aliso Viejo, CA 92656 / 800.848.8698" is written.



THE FOLLIES OF DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKING

Frederick Wiseman's 20-Year Fight

Frederick Wiseman is probably the best documentary filmmaker there is. He's definitely the purest. But it's very likely you haven't heard of him yet, much less seen his films, even though he's been working at a relentless pace since 1967.

Wiseman's work, until this fall, has been unavailable on DVD or VHS. It has had zero commercial distribution. Your only chance of spotting one would be if you followed your local PBS affiliate's schedule very carefully, and we both know you don't do that. You might have also been able to see one at a museum or film fest, but that would have been rare, like spotting a unicorn walking through the MoMA. So why hasn't Wiseman let his films out to video-rental shops, Netflix, and the like until now? Because he doesn't compromise on anything, and it took him this long to work out a system in which he could get his films available on a large scale without taking it up the ass financially. Simple as that.

Now that you can see his movies, you should start doing so immediately. A Frederick Wiseman documentary is the most perfect form of immersive reporting. He goes to a place (anything from a mental hospital, to a high school, to an army basic-training camp, to an upscale New York modeling agency, to Central Park) and stays there for anywhere from 4 to 12 weeks and shoots, and shoots, and shoots. He never interviews anybody. He never appears on camera. The people and the place tell their own stories,

and they do it better than anyone else could. These films are the closest you can come to having been somewhere yourself.

Any conversation with Wiseman will almost inevitably return to *Titicut Follies*, the 1967 documentary he made at Bridgewater, a state mental institution in Massachusetts. It is an incredibly harrowing, moving, and—most surprisingly—entertaining portrait of the inside of a place that nobody was supposed to see. Prisoners are kept naked and abused. Heartless psychiatrists decide the fate of men during blithe staff meetings. An inmate stands on his head in the courtyard and calmly sings, and another one is forced—through a tube that goes into his nose and down to his stomach—by a staff member who is pouring liquid mush into the funnel with one hand and smoking a cigarette with the other. You really sometimes cannot believe what you're seeing as you watch *Titicut Follies*.

We recently talked to Frederick Wiseman on the phone from his home base in remotest Maine. He told us, mostly, about the decades-long war of attrition he went through to get his first movie seen.

Vice: Can you tell me how you got interested in documenting institutions?

Frederick Wiseman: When I was doing *Titicut Follies*, which is the first one, it occurred to me that while I was doing it at Bridgewater, I could have done it at a number of other institutions. Out of that came the idea of doing a

so-called institutional series. At that point—and I think it's still true to some extent—the kind of subjects I'd been choosing were not subjects that were being picked for documentary films. But the idea of making a movie about one place, from my point of view, was useful because it provided a boundary.

Having clear borders that framed what the film could and couldn't be about was helpful. The place serves the same function as the lines and net of a tennis court. Whatever happens within the place is suitable for the film and whatever happens outside is for another film. So I tried to pick places that existed for awhile, that were up and running, that were thought to be good examples of their kind, and that affected the lives of a lot of people.

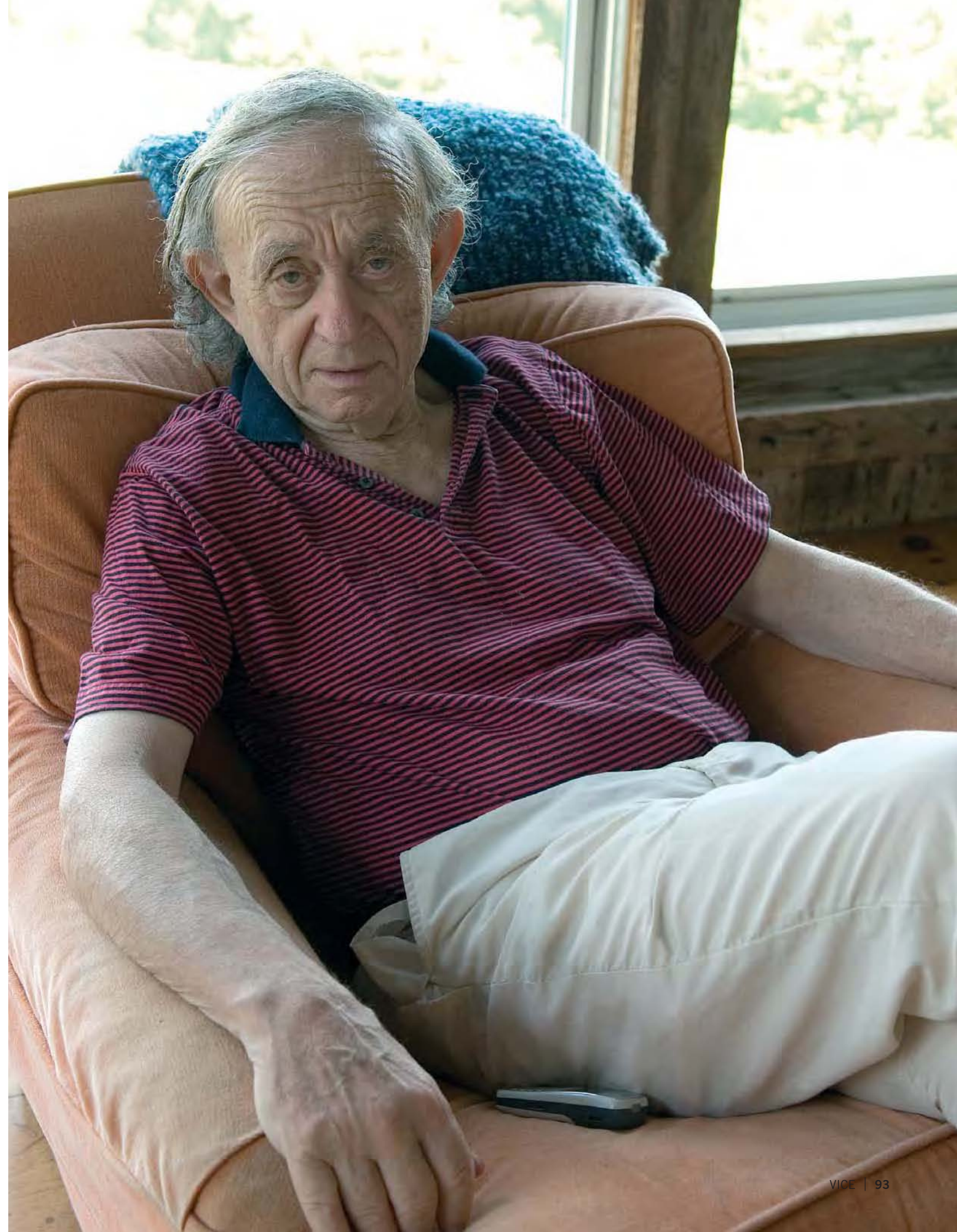
That way they would be more rich in things to cover. Were places like hospitals, high schools, and police beats not being covered in documentaries before you did them because filmmakers weren't thinking in broad-enough terms?

I could speculate, but it would be completely hypothetical.

Please, speculate away.

Well, I got started 40 years ago. The first movie I made was in 1966. It was only about 1958 when the technology that allowed you to shoot handheld sync-sound movies was developed. So when I got started, there weren't that many films where people were using that technique. And because the technique was new, there were many different

Photos by Jennifer Smith-Mayo





“It amazed me that they let me in to shoot there in the first place.”

Still from Titicut Follies.

aspects of contemporary life that weren't explored with it yet. There still are today.

But early on, after 1958, people who were making sync documentaries were mostly following people, either politicians or criminals or both. The idea I had was to make the place the star rather than one person. So the film is about the people at the place.

What do you say to someone before you start rolling film on them?

I'm pretty straightforward. Ethically, that's the only way to be, but it's also the best thing to do tactically. I don't want to put myself in a position where after a film is made, someone can say, "You lied to me about what you were going to do." So, in the beginning, I say some version of this: "I'm going to make a documentary film. Nothing in the film will be staged. I want to be around for four to eight weeks. During that time, 80 to 110 hours of film will be shot. I don't know what the themes of the film will be until I edit it. All I am doing now is collecting material. If anybody doesn't want to be photographed, all they have to do is indicate that and there will be no debate about it. I discover the film in the course of the editing. The final film will be shown on PBS and distributed in different formats."

It must be hard to do that in the midst of some of the chaotic scenes you're shooting. Often it's not possible to ask permission before the sequence is shot. You can't say, "Hey, doc, wait a second before you fix that man's broken leg. I want to tell you what I'm

doing." I shoot till it's over and then I say, if the people don't already know, what I just said to you. I ask if it's all right to use the material, and I tape record my explanation and their response. In my experience, it's extremely rare that anybody ever says no.

Why do you think that is?

Again, I would only be able to speculate. But I think that people are pleased that you're interested in them and that their picture is being taken and their voice is being recorded. You can't underestimate vanity as a reason.

Even when their activities are unsavory?

That's a complicated question. I think most of us feel that what we do is OK. We don't necessarily see what we do in the same way that somebody else does. That's often the case. If we thought we were being cruel or hypocritical or sadistic or whatever, presumably we wouldn't do it. All of us are unconscious of the impact or the effect or the ambiguity of what we're saying and doing.

Do you feel like you've gotten a lot of insight into human psychology and human nature while making your films?

I wouldn't reduce it to lessons, but anybody—not just a documentary filmmaker—whose experience brings them in contact with a lot of people learns a lot about human nature. Or maybe they just deceive themselves into thinking they've learned a lot about human nature.

What do you do when somebody starts getting too performative or unnatural when

you're shooting them?

If I actually think they're performing for me, I stop.

You just walk away?

Yes. It happens sufficiently rarely as to not be a problem. Again, that's something that's rooted in nonfilm experience. As a journalist, if you think someone is bullshitting you, you make some adjustment to that in your reaction to whoever you're talking to.

The presence of a filmmaker is unusual, but not as unusual as the presence of an interviewer or someone who's intervening in the situation. That's more artificial. I think it's true that the events you see in my movies would have taken place if the movie had not been made. That's not true of an interview movie or a print interview. Those things are done specifically for a particular event.

Do you never feel the urge to ask questions?

Well, I sometimes do, but I don't do it—at least not on film. In order to try and inform myself about what's going on in a place, I'll often ask questions, but not about a specific event. I might want to know when the weekly staff meeting is or who sets the agenda, who are the people at the place who are thought to exercise the most power. I spend a lot of time on those sorts of questions.

Watching your films takes me through a huge range of reactions, from amusement to disgust and back again. But at some point in all of them, I have to wonder about you and what it was like to be there. For instance, the



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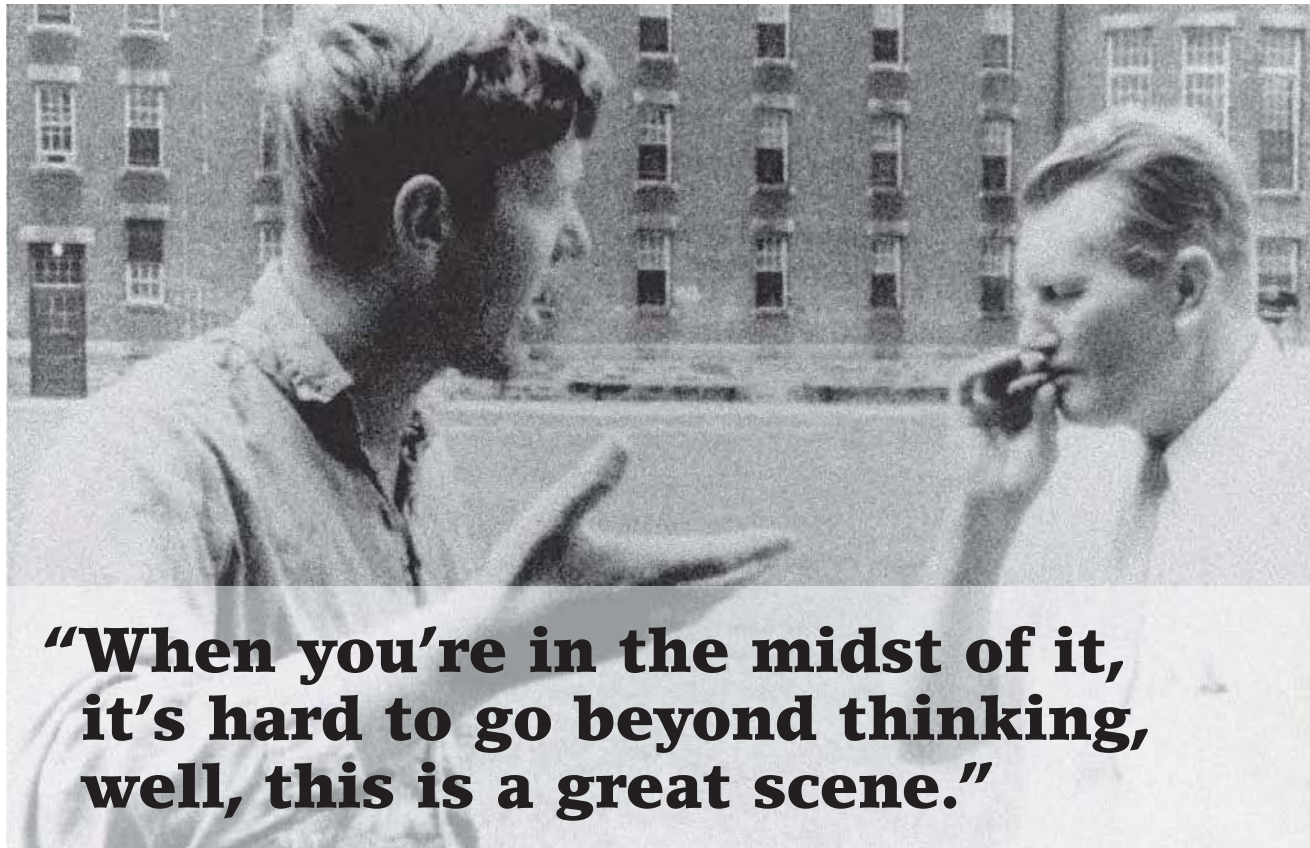
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“When you’re in the midst of it, it’s hard to go beyond thinking, well, this is a great scene.”

Still from *Titicut Follies*.

scene where they put a feeding tube down an inmate’s nose and feed him through it in *Titicut Follies*. What’s it like for you when things get that intense?

There’s a variety of things going on. I’m probably thinking, it’s a good scene and I want to do whatever I can to make sure I have it. Second of all, there’s a corner of my mind that’s amazed that people can treat other people this way. It’s hard to reconstruct the way it feels now. When you’re in the midst of it, it’s hard to go beyond thinking, well, this is a great scene. And that’s just because you’re busy. It’s different when you’re in the editing room and you have the opportunity to try and reflect on it. The editing is a much more analytical situation. You have to identify to yourself what you think is going on, and you can run it backward and forward and upside down and sideways as many times as you want.

Titicut Follies is legendary. It was banned and suppressed in various ways. Can you tell me about that?

The movie was completely banned for about six or seven years. It came out in the fall of ’67, and almost immediately after it appeared there was an injunction, and then a trial.

I made the film with the permission of all the relevant authorities. You can’t make a film in a maximum-security prison without being accompanied. When the film was finished, I showed it to the superintendent and to a man named Elliot Richardson who, when I got permission to make the film, had

been lieutenant governor supervising Bridgewater and the other prisons. When the film was finished, he was attorney general of Massachusetts.

That name sounds familiar...

He went on to great fame when he was both attorney general and secretary of state under Nixon for a short period of time. He quit over Watergate. Anyway, I showed it to the superintendent and he liked it. I showed it to Richardson and he liked it.

That’s really surprising.

It amazed me that they let me in to shoot there in the first place.

Did they really think that conditions there were presentable to the outside world?

Well, the superintendent was my buddy—in a professional sense. I had known him because I had taught law for a few years and I used to take students on field trips to mental hospitals and prisons. It was out of that experience that I had the idea to do *Titicut Follies*. So I had met the superintendent when I was making arrangements to bring the students to Bridgewater, and when I thought of making a movie there, I approached him. He became my advocate within the penal system. He guided me around the politics of getting permission. Even with his help, it took around a year and a half to get the OK.

Why could he possibly have wanted the movie made?

At that point he’d been superintendent for something like nine years. He wasn’t getting

any money out of the state legislature. He wasn’t getting any additional funds, and he needed money for new programs.

He wanted to show that money was needed.

Right. And Richardson helped just because he thought it was a good idea! They both initially liked the film. They knew that Bridgewater was like that, in part because of the absence of money to attract and train competent guards, psychiatrists, and social workers. That was one of the points. The film was then scheduled to show at the New York Film Festival. It got some prefestival reviews, which were very good. They both praised the film and condemned the state of Massachusetts. Then some social worker from Minnesota wrote the governor of Massachusetts, a man named John A. Volpe, a letter saying, “How could you allow a movie to be made that shows naked men?” She hadn’t even seen the movie—she had just read the reviews. Volpe, not having heard of the movie before this letter, felt that his political career was going to be jeopardized by the movie. He proceeded to get what’s called an ex parte injunction, which means that he got an injunction without having me represented at the hearing. It was against the film being shown at the New York Film Festival.

Just at that festival?

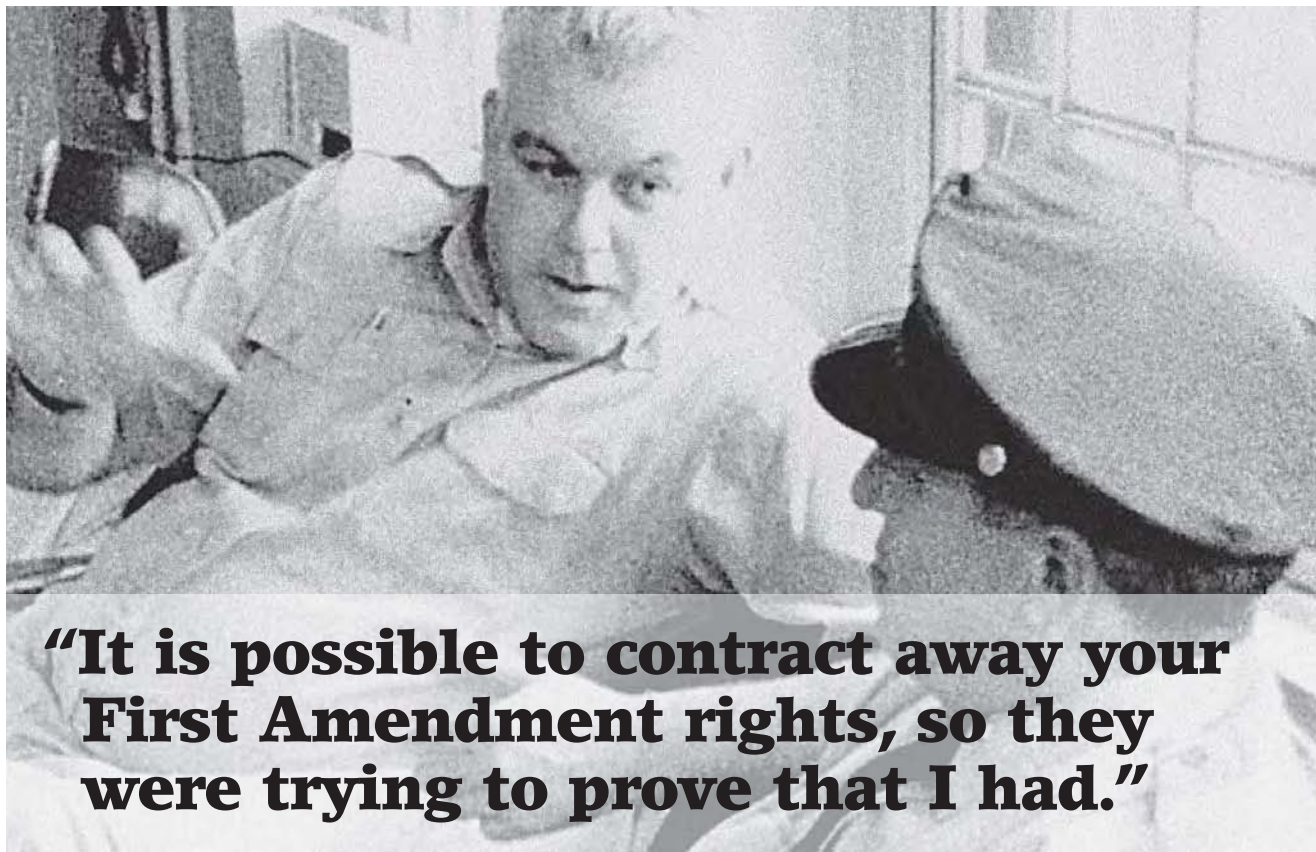
Well, that was the only public place that he knew it was going to be shown. But they showed it anyway, and then it opened in New York and he got a permanent injunction against it. Then there was a committee of the



EMILY LAZAR
OF THE SICK LIST

PHOTO BY CandyLust

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“It is possible to contract away your First Amendment rights, so they were trying to prove that I had.”

Still from *Titicut Follies*.

Massachusetts state legislature, which was controlled by the Democrats, that had it out for Richardson. They convened hearings to find out how I had gotten permission to make the film. They wanted to use that information against Richardson.

The movie became a tool for so many different people's agendas. That's exactly right. So then there was a 19-day trial, where they made three principal allegations...

First, that the film was an invasion of privacy of the inmate named Jim, the man who's shown naked in his cell. Second, that I had breached an oral contract giving the state editorial control over the film.

Was there anything like that?

There was no document whatsoever that in any way supported that view. But still, the superintendent testified to there having been an oral contract.

So he perjured himself?

Yes. Richardson, a very clever lawyer, cooked up that theory as a way of asserting that I had contracted away my First Amendment rights. He was afraid that I would get the case removed to federal court.

Because federal courts are really by the book on constitutional law.

Yes. And it is possible to contract away your First Amendment rights, so they were trying to prove that I had.

The third assertion they were making was that all the receipts of the film should be held

in trust for the benefit of the inmates.

They really wanted to nail you.

The judge found in this case a right of privacy for the first time in the history of Massachusetts.

Wow. I'm surprised they'd made it to the late 60s without having set a privacy precedent. On the contract issue, the judge simply believed the state over me. I said X, they said Y, and the judge—who was specially appointed to deal with the case and who had absolutely no sympathy for the film at all—decided in their favor. He also decided that all the receipts would be held in trust for the inmates.

So it was a resounding state victory. But I'll bet there wasn't any money there to hold in trust anyway.

Yes. At that point there were no receipts! He also declared that the negative should be burned.

Jesus Christ!

He described the film as a “nightmare of ghoulish obscenities.”

It's more like a documentation of ghoulish obscenities.

The next thing I did was appeal to the Massachusetts Supreme Court. They decided that the film had value but could only be seen by limited audiences: doctors, lawyers, judges, health-care professionals, social workers, and students in these and related fields, but not the “merely curious general public.” And this was on condition that I give the attorney general's office a week's notice before any screening and

that I file an affidavit after that everyone who attended was, of my personal knowledge, a member of the class of people allowed to see the film. Those were the conditions under which I could screen *Titicut Follies*.

In other words, effectively impossible.

Effectively impossible! What was I going to do? Interview everybody who wanted to see the film? Five years later, a new attorney general was appointed in Massachusetts. My lawyers went to see him and he agreed to modify the injunction so that I could show the film if I could rely on someone's representation to me that the audience was going to consist of the accepted class. If a teacher at, say, the University of Illinois, wanted to show the film, he had to sign a form saying that the audience was going to be within the class of people allowed to see the film, send the form to me, and I would have to file with the attorney general's office and the clerk of the supreme court. And then, within a week of the screening, I would have to file another piece of paper verifying that the people seeing it were within the class that were allowed to have seen it.

It's too many hoops to jump through. Did anyone go through all this to screen it?

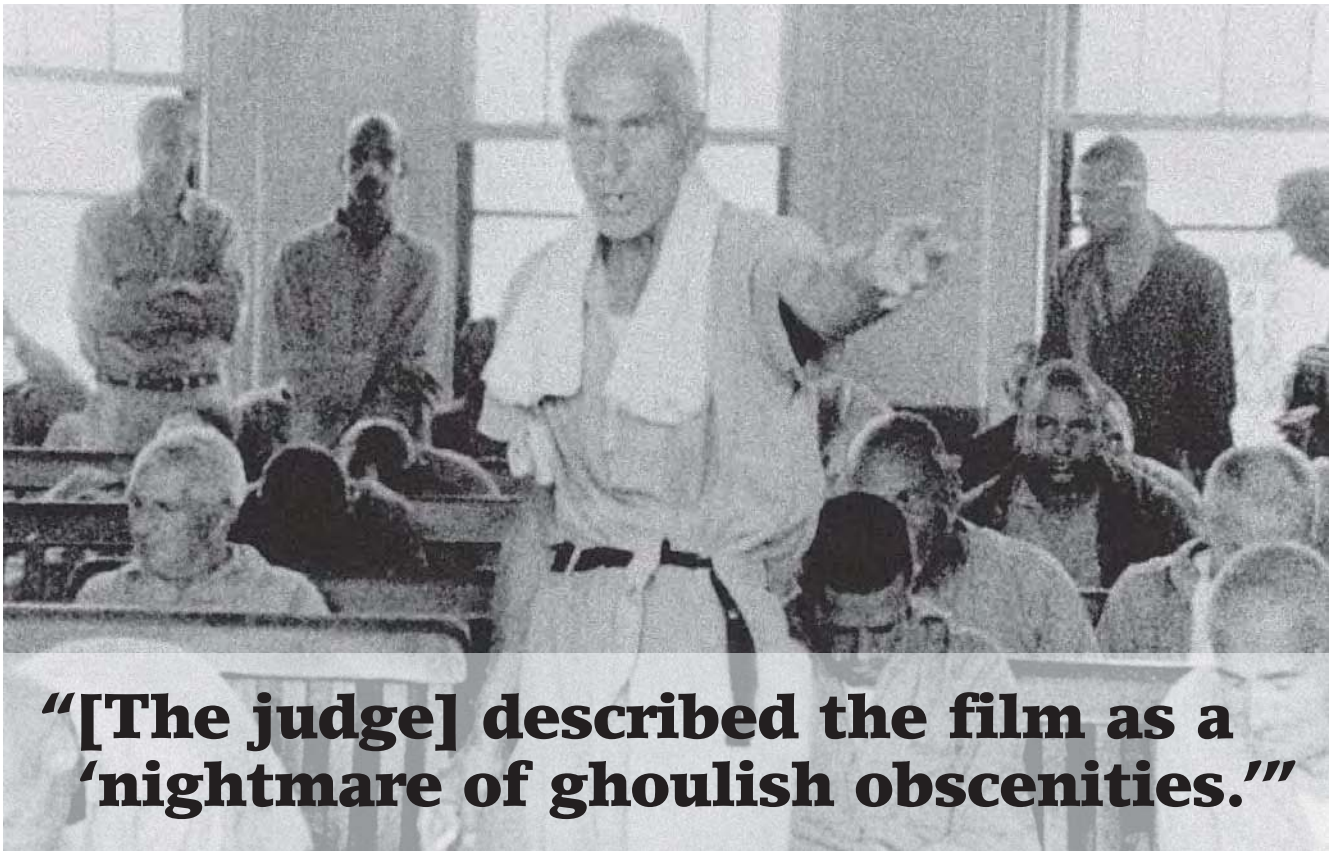
Well, yes. There were a lot of people that wanted to see the film so they went through that, you know, charade.

Were film students allowed to see it?

No. Nor were journalists.

So it would have been illegal for a journalist to view *Titicut Follies*.





“[The judge] described the film as a ‘nightmare of ghoulish obscenities.’”

Still from *Titicut Follies*.

Yes. But it’s a question of who is a student in “these or related fields.” I think that sometimes the film was able to be screened in journalism schools because the argument was made that journalists were within the class.

The censors focused on the sequence of the film with Jim, where we see an inmate, totally nude, walked from his cell to a bathroom where he is shaved—he even starts to bleed from a nick—and then washed, and then walked back to his cell, where he loses control and starts to pound his feet and scream. This is, of course, after a guard has been baiting him mercilessly with the same question again and again: “Is that cell gonna be clean tomorrow, Jim? You gonna clean that cell, Jim?” It’s total psychological abuse...

Also, as Jim is walking up the stairs, one of the guards slaps him. You hear the noise but you don’t see it because it’s shot from behind.

What were you hoping to show about this situation when you edited the sequence?

I wanted to show the way he was treated because this was no way to treat a human being, obviously, no matter what crime he committed. Also, I didn’t understand why some inmates had to be kept naked. The announced rationale was that they were suicidal. But they could have been given paper suits. In fact, for six months after the film came out, they were given paper suits—until the budget for it ran out. The real reason for the nudity was just that it was easier to keep them that way. Some of the men were incontinent, and the guards didn’t like the idea of

having to strip smelly clothes off them.

How long did the ban on the film last?

It lasted until 1990. In the mid 80s, I started another action. The original judge in the case had died. There was a headline in the Boston Globe saying “*Titicut Follies* Judge Dead.” So I brought another case, saying that circumstances had changed. The new judge appointed a special master, which means someone to assist him, and tasked him to investigate whether the showing of the film would damage the surviving inmates. The first job was to figure out who was still alive. The judge appointed a lawyer to inquire about the status of the surviving inmates. The lawyer wrote a report saying that, in his view, the film could be publicly shown without damaging the surviving inmates. The judge then said I could show the film if I blacked out the faces of the inmates.

All of them? That’s impossible.

Yes. I refused to do that, and I also said that while it was possible to do that on videotape, it really wouldn’t be possible to do that successfully on film. But I would not do it even if it were doable. So we asked him to reconsider. He did, and then he wrote a decision saying that the film is fully protected by the First Amendment, and it could be freely shown. And then it was shown on PBS.

Wow, and it only took 23 years. When you’re shooting, you relocate to wherever the film takes you and then what? Shoot till you drop, get some sleep, and then get back to it? Exactly. Sometimes the place is open day and

night, like a hospital, or sometimes it’s open from seven in the morning until seven at night. It varies. If a place is open 24 hours a day, I’m probably there for 15. If it’s open 12, I’m there all 12. Then at night I watch rushes. It’s a long day. You don’t get much sleep. But it’s very intense. It’s fun.

It must be physically taxing.

Documentary filmmaking is a sport in that sense. You have to be in reasonably good shape because you’re running around all day with the equipment, and you have to have to be able to get along with very little sleep.

And you’re still shooting at the same pace today as you always were?

Yeah. I do sound and I direct, then there’s a cameraman and a third person to carry the extra mags and do whatever odd jobs are required. During shooting, I basically lead the cameraman with the mic. I pick out what gets shot. We have little signals that we use during the shooting.

There’s a lot of responsibility in editing a documentary—in making a documentary in general, really—because you can be suggestive and manipulative if you choose to be.

Well, there’s the danger that it can be manipulative in the bad sense of the word. But it has to be manipulative in the good sense of the word! Choices have to be made, and the choices have meaning and consequences. I feel that I have an enormous responsibility to the people who have let me shoot them.

INTERVIEWED BY JESSE PEARSON

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PHOTOS BY DENNIS MCGRATH



Vice: Tell us about your new book.
Bobby Seale: *Barbecue'n With Bobby Seale* is about learning and understanding how to barbecue with baste marinades, which is different from barbecue sauces. Sauces, yes, we love 'em, they're tasty, they're delectable, but practically every sauce has some kind of sugar content. And when you take raw meats and get them into a sugary sauce, you're setting yourself up for the sugar in the sauce to burn over the hot coals. You don't put the sauce on until the meat is darn near done.

My uncle Tom Turner in Liberty, Texas, taught me to barbecue with his baste when I was 12 years old. People from 100 miles around came to his barbecue-pit restaurant. He became well known for having some of the best barbecue there was. I loved being around that restaurant. I mean, barbecue became my favorite food at a young age. We'd help him out, and he'd pay us \$2 a day, you know, for stacking bottles, cleaning up, sweeping up the sawdust.

I remember the last time we were there, he had built an extra place for the white folks on the other side, because there was discrimination back in those days. Black folks and white folks could not eat in the same location. So the white people who would come by, you know, he would just sell the ribs to them to go. And they asked him, "Tom, why don't you build a place for us to be able to sit down and eat, instead of just coming here and getting takeout." So my uncle built a sort of extension to the restaurant, but it was separate from the larger part where the black folks were. I used to serve black folks on one side, white folks on the other side, all his great barbecue dishes.

What was his secret?

What he would do is, he'd take a big vat, and he would chop up onions, lemons, scallions, celery, bell peppers, and he'd boil it all down for 30 minutes. He'd take this marinade, pour it over the meats, and then in the evening, when the iceman came by—you know, you had an icebox then, you didn't have a refrigerator in 1949—he would get three 50-pound blocks of ice. He'd take an icepick and chip ice over the top of the meats sitting in the marinade. Then he'd leave the meats marinating all night in washtubs.

The pit was a big, commercial barbecue pit with two steel doors on the front. He would load it with cords and cords of hickory wood at night. Before we closed up, around 12 at night, we would light that fire in that brick pit and let it burn. When we'd come back in the morning, we'd have mostly coals of hickory wood. We took those coals and spread them out in the back of the pit, and then we would lay rib after rib after rib up on the racks inside the pit.

Then we'd take a big kind of a mop that he'd made, an extension mop, you know, three to four feet long. You'd dip the rag wound around the tip of that, and you'd just

BOBBY SEALE was the founding chairman of the Black Panther Party. In 1966, he and his college friend Huey Newton set about "patrolling the police" in Oakland. That means they followed the cops around town with shotguns and law books, watching for incidents of brutality. It was completely legal in California until 1967, when the state legislature passed a law against the public display of firearms. That's just the beginning of the story, but we are not here to discuss the Black Panther Party. We are here to discuss barbecue. You see, Bobby Seale is not only a revolutionary, jazz drummer, author, and engineer. He's also a barbecue master. We called him up and asked him about barbecue, but he's a rhetorical genius, so he talked along the way about Savage high-powered rifles, the Gemini missile project, armchair-revolutionary bullshit, and oh, you know, things like that.

mop and baste the meat with that same baste that was in the tub where the meat was marinated. And then you'd flip and turn these ribs for four or five hours. The chickens would be up on a higher rack so they wouldn't burn. This is the method by which my uncle Tom Turner would barbecue.

So this is where I get my philosophy of barbecuing from baste marinade. This is the technique, this is my philosophy. It's a tried and proven philosophy of barbecuing methodology.

What was your uncle Tom like, as a man?

Well, he was a rough man. You know, he took no crap. Every once in a while, you might have a racist. He packed a pistol around his restaurant and back and forth from home, because if someone was going to rob him, or some racist was going to act the fool, he might shoot him. Normally, he was just a man interested in business and getting along with people. He didn't have a lot of time for people dilly-dallying around.

He created. He was creative in cooking. This man could cook. This man liked to cook, he knew what to do—outside of the barbecue.

But anyway, he was just a man who took no crap from nobody. Don't jump up in his face, talking about what you going do to him, because he might shoot you. That's what other people would say: "You can't mess with old Tom there. You mess with Tom Turner, that man might shoot you."

Do you think that influenced you later, when you got into self-defense and started the Black Panther Party?

Oh, my self-defense had more to do with my father. My father always taught me, you don't let nobody jump on you. If somebody jumps on you, hits you... My father, his phrase was—and it was in an ordering, directive tone—"You go get you some, and you knock the shit out of them, keep them off you, boy, you hear me?" And I'd say, "Yes, sir." You know, I was scared of my father.

When I turned 13, a man tried to kill him. My father shot him. And I was there, know what I mean? He didn't die, but my father shot his arm off with a Savage high-powered rifle. He had that hollow-point ammo, and you could knock an elephant down with that. My father fired one shot that dug up the ground, and the guy's running with this knife in his hand, and my father cut loose another shot, and his left arm, as he's running, was hit, and it spun this guy around and threw him to the ground. He got up and started crawling with his other hand, and let his knife go. He was trying to get to his car, he finally got in, my father shot again and it went through the back window of the car. My point is, that's where I learned that I must defend myself, to the point that if you have to kill a person...

I was raised a hunter and a fisherman, OK? My father bought me my first .30-.30 Winchester high-powered rifle when I was 12 years of age. He had seven or eight guys, and they'd go hunting up in Northern California. We hunted deer and bear. And so that was how I was raised.

In the 60s, once you had started the Black Panther Party, was there a lot of barbecuing going on then?

Oh my God. That was a mainstay! I did barbecue fundraisers in Oakland where we sold 3,000 plates at \$2 a plate. We got most of the meat and the food and stuff donated, because we already had free food programs. We were starting up a free breakfast program. My God, those rallies I used to organize, me and my Black Panther Party members would have barbecue out there all over the place. We'd tell the people how the money goes to the free breakfast program, the free preventative-medical-health-care clinic, and so on. We'd have a flatbed up there with entertainment, speakers, microphones, the whole caboodle.

Weren't Bobby Hutton and Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver on their way to



help out with a barbecue in '68 when they got into a shoot-out with police and Bobby Hutton and a policeman were killed?

That's what Eldridge Cleaver said, that they were picking up stuff, because there was a barbecue fundraiser rally the next day or something like that. But I've since found out that was a lie. That was just his slick little way of saying that they didn't ambush the cops, the cops shot at them. But in fact, I found out that they shot first at the cops. Martin Luther King had just gotten killed, so my problem there was trying to stop riots. In fact, I stopped all riots in the San Francisco Bay area. I didn't believe in riots. That's flat, straight out. I was supposed to be going to Martin Luther King's funeral, and Eldridge Cleaver took David Hilliard and four or five guys out and in effect they ambushed the cops, I have since found out. That's really what happened. They got in a shoot-out situation, they got dispersed, they couldn't shoot, they weren't trained, trying to run around and do some old guerilla bullshit. And you know, I always was pissed off with them about that. I'd had military training, and I knew the difference between a domestic-style situation and a military situation. And Eldridge just turned out to be a god-damn anarchist, you know what I mean? But at any rate... bang, bang.

So Eldridge and Hutton and those guys were just pissed, and wanted to go get some? Yeah, because Martin Luther King was killed. And I'm saying all over the place, "No rioting, we're not going to do anything," blah blah blah. But they didn't listen to me.

Actually, I also read where Minister of Defense Huey Newton wrote somewhere that in 1967, when he got shot and shot a cop, he was on his way to get barbecue in Oakland. That's a lie. He wasn't going to get no god-damn barbecue. But Huey's situation was different. Frey, the police officer, really did try to kill Huey. Frey had ordered Huey to walk to the police vehicle. And Huey always recited the law. That was his strongest articulate advocacy point. Anytime a police officer moves a person from one spot to another, technically that person is under arrest. I ask you, "Am I under arrest? I demand to know what I'm being arrested for." So Huey stopped and turned around right in front of the police vehicle, and Frey had his gun out. Huey grabs at the gun, y'know—I had seen Huey do this before, when we got into a fight with police. So what happened is Frey pulls that trigger and shoots Huey right in the thigh. Now, Officer Heanes, the other police officer, the shot goes off, he's looking at Huey grabbing Frey, and he's trying to shoot Huey, but they're rolling and moving. It was told in court that the first bullet that hit Officer Frey was from Heanes's gun. This is the real situation. Huey hits the ground, and Huey pulls his own gun out and fires back at Heanes and wounds him. Huey shoots Frey



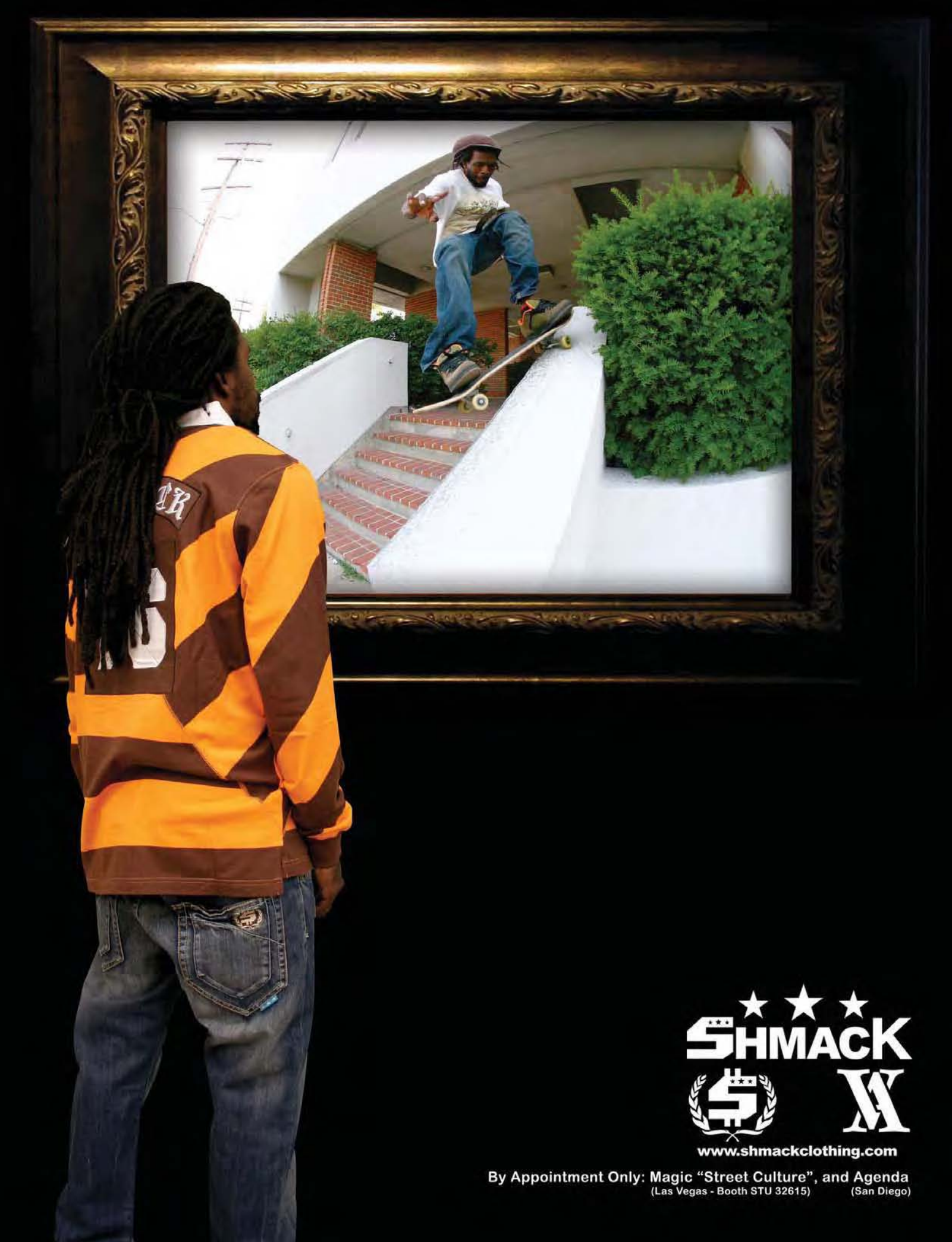
Photo by AP

"My God, those rallies I used to organize, me and my Black Panther Party members would have barbecue out there all over the place. We'd tell the people how the money goes to the free breakfast program, the free preventative-medical-health-care clinic, and so on."

more, because Frey is moving and not dead, and then falls down, because he's shot. The other guy, Gene McKinney, who had got out of the car and ran, came back and helped Huey get away from there. Huey wound up in the hospital, and that's where the police arrested him. Huey's situation was different from Eldridge's.

What was Eldridge like?
Eldridge was just a pure anarchist. He wanted to pull that Bakunin bullshit off, you know what I mean? I mean, to show you what I'm talking about, Eldridge put out a pamphlet called "Catechism of a Revolutionary"—this is after that shoot-out situation. This is a Black Panther Party Ministry of Information pamphlet. I had not read this shit, OK? I did not know it was all

Bakunin, the 1800s anarchist. And Marlon Brando called me up, he said, "Bobby! I'm not going to send you any more money." Because Brando would give me money. I guess he must have donated ten grand to me. But he says, "I'm not gonna work with you guys any more. You're running around telling people to kill their mother and father for the revolution. That ain't right." I said, "We don't do any such goddamn thing, what the hell's wrong with you, Marlon?" "Here on page so-and-so!" "Of what?" He says, "Your 'Catechism of a Revolutionary'!" So I says, "Rosemary, hand me that out of my briefcase." I had the thing in my briefcase for two months and never read the damn thing because I'm busy, I'm organizing too much. So I got on page so-and-so, and he's reading, "Kill their mothers and..." and I says, "Damn, I'm sorry, man..." He says, "OK, I'll see you, bye"—click. So I lost my funding source because of Eldridge Cleaver's bull. Later in life, I'm really taking the time to look at this and put two and two together. When I go back to speaking with Eldridge in 1992, we got a chance to get in various conversations. So I'm asking Eldridge, you had "Catechism of a Revolutionary." I remember you called Martin Luther King a nonviolent fool. Now you're a born-again Christian on the other side of the fence. So when Little Bobby Hutton was killed, were you operating from the standpoint of



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“Catechism of a Revolutionary”? He said, yeah, I was just stupid, I just thought we had to do something, boom boom boom.

What does “Catechism of a Revolutionary” say, exactly?

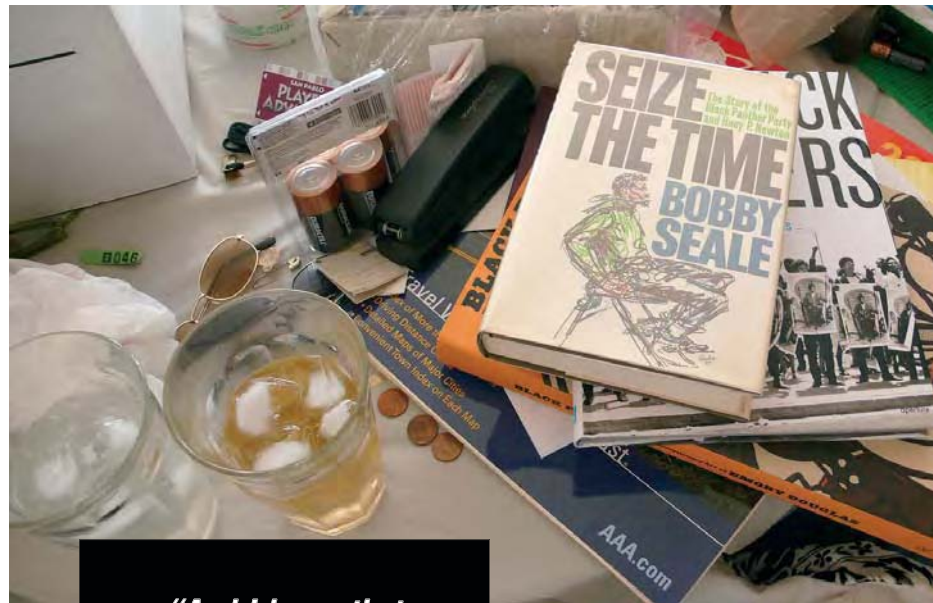
It’s based on Bakunin. He ran around and said kill officials of the government of all kinds, murder them, shoot them down in the street, blah blah blah. Kill the police and so on—anything that represents the state.

I was one for programmatic organizing. All those free breakfast programs, I created those programs. Huey Newton didn’t create them, he was in jail when these programs were created. Huey did not start that. I started that shit, you know what I mean? I did that shit. Because to me, you cannot go around here just standing on the street corner, talking a bunch of quote-unquote militant talk if you’re not gonna organize the people. “We need unity in the black community,” that’s what the phrase was. I said, well, you’ve got to unify people around something. That’s what I used to say to some of these guys way before the party ever started. A bunch of armchair revolutionaries, never did anything. And ultimately I created, got Huey to help me create, the Black Panther Party. I’m the one that got the office, I’m the one that painted the sign on the window, I’m the one that laid out the application to join. I did all of that shit. I was an engineer, I made good money, then I was in city government and I made good money as the director of the youth-jobs program. I invested my money and time. I wasn’t married or anything. You have to do real things. I was a carpenter and a builder. That’s what I was about, moving to build the house, a political house, a political, electoral framework to unify people around grassroots programs.

You got any more questions on barbecue?

Back then, was there ever any problem with the Muslims and Nation of Islam people who were around about people eating pork?

Please, I didn’t even relate to the Muslims at all. You don’t even come around to me, talking about “You can’t eat pork.” Like Nipsey Russell, the comedian, used to say: “Man, I thought you had a grudge against the white man oppressing you. I’ll organize against that, but I ain’t got no grudge against a ham hock.” I got no time for that. That’s ritualistic bullshit. I’m an engineer. I worked in the Gemini missile program, two years in the engineering department. I did electromagnetic-fueled black-light nondestruct testing on all engine frames for the Gemini missile program. I placed myself in the high-tech world before I even got interested in the civil rights protests. I base things on good proven science.



“And I know that nowadays, an excessive amount of fat in the food—not the food itself, but the fat—blocks arteries. I don’t deal with no marbled fat of rib steaks and stuff, because they’re too fatty.”

tific evidentiary fact, I don’t base things on some mythical bullshit. Nation of Islam at the time was running around calling all white folks devils. Well, that’s just bullshit. That’s some old metaphorical mythical misrepresentation. You don’t call white folks devils. You’re part of this biologically existing *Homo sapiens* humanity. I mean, I liked Malcolm X, you know, because he didn’t bite his tongue. But I had no time for the Nation of Islam. You don’t wanna come around my organization. I got big pork. I got pork chops, pork roast, pork ribs, and beef, chicken, and everything else.

And I know that nowadays, an excessive amount of fat in the food—not the food itself, but the fat—blocks arteries. I don’t deal with no marbled fat of rib steaks and stuff, because they’re too fatty. But anyway, the Nation of Islam was around this college that I went to, but I wasn’t even interested in them. I would never have joined them, even though I liked Malcolm, because I didn’t believe in religious doctrine being at the helm of the human-liberation struggle. That’s the way I saw it.

Do black people make the best barbecue?

Well, anybody can make good barbecue. When I was a judge at the National Rib Cookoff in 1988, I tasted barbecue from all over the world. Hawaii, Japan, you name it. And most of it has some good flavorful fact about it, you know? I met some guys from Texas one time, at the Rib Cookoff, they said “Hey, man, we here for the money, but you the one that can make the barbecue.” I said, “Why you say that?” He says, “Black people make the best barbecue.” This is some old white guy, explaining to me... I said, well, that’s your opinion. Anyone can make good barbecue.

I heard that some former Black Panthers are marketing hot sauce?

That’s David Hilliard. It’s called Burn Baby Burn Hot Sauce.

Are you involved with that?

No, I ain’t got nothing to do with it. Absolutely nothing to do with it.

Have you tried it?

No.

How have you responded when people have said that you’re selling out by doing this barbecue stuff?

Revolutionaries eat, too. I was on national television about 15 years ago, when Spike Lee’s *Malcom X* film came out. They had a panel of eight people up there. So one little chubby, fat white guy, says, “That Bobby Seale, well, he just sold out.” I said, “Man, what the hell are you talking about?” “Yes, he sold out, because he wrote a barbecue book.” I says, “What about the jazz album I put out? I’m an architect, if I did a book of space-saving architectural designs, would that be ‘selling out’? Here’s my barbecue book.” And I held it up, and I said, “This is the only down-

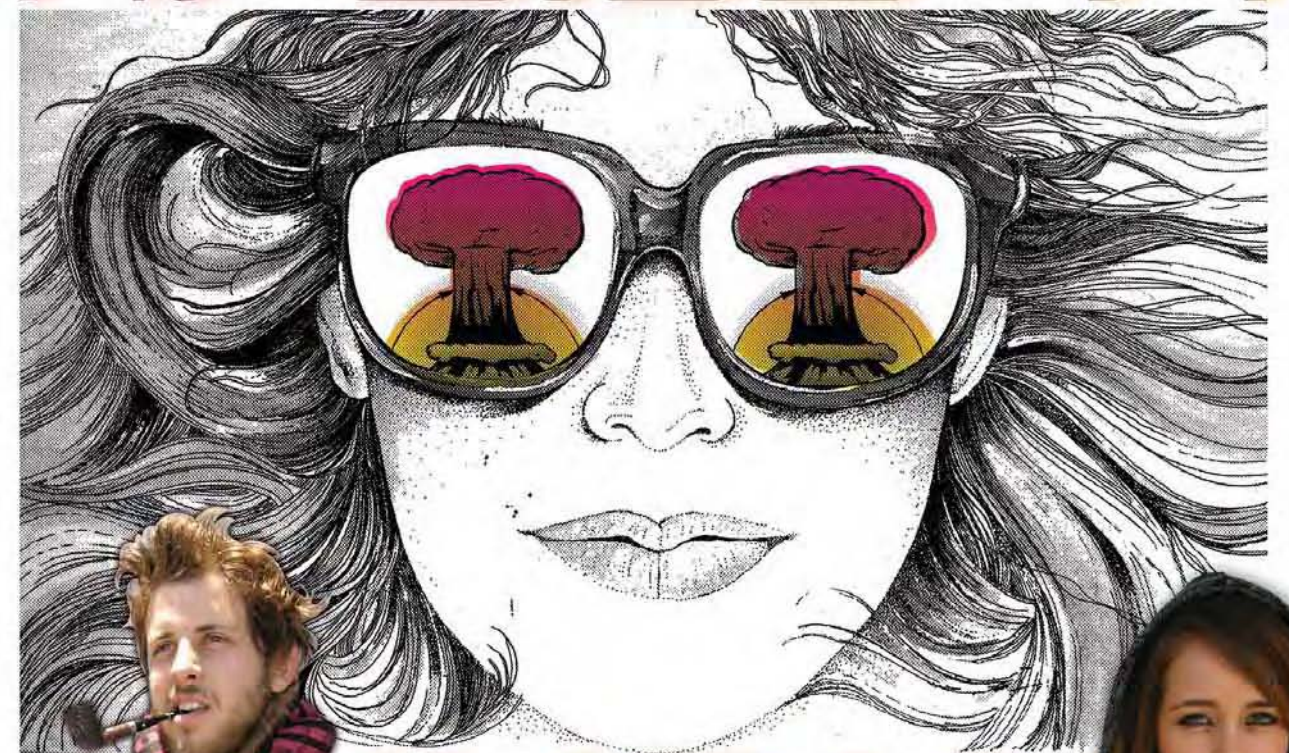
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home, hickory-smoked, Southern-style barbecue book in America, and for your information, revolutionaries eat, too." I shot him down, this silly idiot, I said, man, later for you. And I've had people say, "What's he doing writing a cookbook?" What is that, not manly enough for you? Get out of my face. They don't even know what manhood is. I have a big long philosophical argument with idiots who come up here with some mythical misrepresentations of what manhood is, or—the whole shit, what a revolutionary is, you know what I mean? You got guys that have a two-dimensional method of thinking or

maybe a one-dimensional level of thinking. They've either got their penis in front of their ego or their ego in front of their penis, and one idea ain't too much better than the other. If you gonna revolve things around some penis relationship... I remember Eldridge Cleaver in his book, talking about the gun was an extension of his penis. I mean, get outta here. I look back on that stuff and I say, man, this brother here, he tried to say he was justified in raping white females because of what the white race had done in the past. So I say, well, then he's stooping to their level, you know what I mean? We were never racists. The FBI and

COINTELPRO tried to put it out that the Black Panther Party was racist, but we weren't. It was not about discriminating against people because of the color of their skin. We were about all power to all the people, as opposed to any power to the racists and the avaricious who work with the racists to exploit and oppress us. That's what I stood for, and I don't care what J. Edgar Hoover and anybody else tried to say I was about. They're wrong. I know what I was about.

INTERVIEWED BY BEN WHITE

To order the revised edition of *Barbecue'n With Bobby Seale*, visit Bobbyqueseale.com.

Uncle Tom's Hickory-Smoked "Bobby-Qued" Ribs



3 to 5 slabs (10 to 15 pounds) pork spareribs, cracked, fat trimmed
2 quarts Uncle Tom's baste marinade
1 3/4 quarts of *Bobby's Spicy Barbecue Sauce*
1 tablespoon ground black pepper, garlic parsley powder, veggie or no-salt all-purpose seasoning, onion powder with parsley, paprika, celery seed
1 to 2 pounds of hickory (or mesquite) wood chips, baste-soaked

TO MARINATE RIBS

With a meat cleaver, crack thick gristle bone in four or five places on each slab of ribs. Place slabs, whole or halved, in a large aluminum roasting pan. Pour in approximately 1 quart of baste marinade to submerge ribs. Cover pan. Marinate for 2 to 3 hours at room temperature, turning occasionally, or refrigerate overnight. A 24-hour refrigerated marinating gives excellent results.

CHARCOAL-WOOD PIT FIRE

Presoak hickory-wood chips in 2 to 3 cups of baste marinade for 30 minutes and let chips drain slightly. Spread half of soaked chips over a closed bed of 60 to 80 white-ash-hot charcoal briquettes. Let wood chips burn into pit fire until flames are out. Midway through 3-hour cooking time spread second half of chips over an additional 30-odd white-ash-hot briquettes. Place ribs on grill, close cover, and adjust pit damper vents three-fourths closed to lower fire.

GAS GRILL METHOD: Preheat and reduce to medium-low. Place ribs on the grill, sear in any seasoning,

lower heat as needed, cover, and periodically baste the same as with charcoal-wood pit fire.

SEAR SEASONING

As pit fire gets ready, remove ribs from marinade. Drain and pat dry.

Retain used marinade and strain through a fine sieve for spray-basting over pit. From shakers, sprinkle light coats of black pepper, garlic, parsley, salt, onion powder or onion parsley powder, paprika, garlic parsley powder, and celery seed on both sides of ribs. With fingers and hands press and rub seasonings into meat. Place ribs on lightly greased grill 4 to 6 inches above hot pit fire. Sear and brown, seal in coated seasonings for 3 to 5 minutes on each side. For complete searing, rearrange slabs as they brown and close pit cover after turning.

PIT BASTING

Liberal brush or spray-baste browned ribs and turn and baste again every 10 to 15 minutes for 3 hours. Close cover after each basting. To control any pit flames lightly spray-douse them with baste or water and/or adjust damper vents three-fourths closed for a couple of minutes. Constant basting over a pit fire kept at 250 to 300 degrees is necessary for juicy, tender, moist hickory-smoked spareribs.

SAUCING

If desired during last 20 to 30 minutes of cooking time brush on favorite sauce or tong-dip cut ribs in sauce every 10 minutes (close pit cover after each saucing), or brush sauce on whole slabs every 10

minutes, then cut into single pieces. Serve with favorite heated sauce.

Makes 7 to 12 servings

QUICK PIT-BASTE MARINADE

1 cup hickory liquid smoke
1 cup red wine vinegar
1 cup Worcestershire sauce
1 cup cooking sherry
1 cup fresh lemon juice, seeded
3 quarts of water

Combine all baste ingredients in 3 quarts of water in a 6-quart pot on high heat. Bring to a boil. Turn heat down to low and simmer for 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Can use for 10 to 30 minute quick-hot marinade or you can let it cool and use it to marinate overnight, refrigerated. Let remainder cool.

GOOBERED* FRUIT COTTAGE-CHEESE SALAD

2 medium-size apples, cored and diced
2 pears, cored and diced
1/4 pound fresh cherries, pitted
2 peaches, pitted and diced
1/4 pound seedless grapes
1 pound cottage cheese
1/4 pound chopped pecans, almonds, or walnuts
Loose lettuce leaves

Combine fruit and nuts with cottage cheese and mix lightly. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Makes 6 servings

**Goobers is an African word for nuts.*

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Mike: Calvin Klein shirt, Nudie jeans. Jessy: Samantha Pleet shirt, 55DSL skirt

Mike Bones is the favorite guitarist of every musician that you like in New York. He's the New York music-geek world's secret weapon, having played in the (and we don't say this lightly) downtown supergroup Soldiers of Fortune. Everybody who saw them during their extraordinary run of shows last year was knocked flat on their asses. They sounded like Crazy Horse. Seriously, it was like seeing Crazy Horse in a tiny little room, playing at full tilt. Mike and Pat from the band Oakley Hall were the two guitarists, and they traded lines and solos back and forth in a manner that made you unashamed to say things like "Nice licks!" If you can find a bootleg of their album, Shred It Be, you are a lucky little music enthusiast.

Mike has been doing stuff like Soldiers for a while now though—he'll just pop out with a group of musicians, or back up someone like Cass McCombs live, chop everyone's head off, and go home.

But now, finally, he's done a record all his own. It's called *The Sky Behind The Sea* and it is totally not what we expected. We

figured we would put it on and hear perfectly executed electric Delta blues with some Johnny Thunders via Howlin' Wolf vocals. That would have been great in and of itself. But instead we were slapped in the face with an epic album that brings to mind the best work of Leonard Cohen. It's a record that takes its time, unfolds slowly and majestically, has fucking strings on it, and contains some of the most considered and well-written lyrics we've heard in forever. Seriously, who does good lyrics nowadays?

Recently, *Vice* sat down with Mike on the banks of the scenic East River and smoked about 40 Newports, which is what he smokes, and talked some shit.

Vice: When did you start playing the guitar?
Mike: Probably when I was about six, but I didn't have a guitar until I was 10 or 11. I would play my cousin's all the time. The first song I learned was "Tell Me What I'd Say" by Ray Charles. My uncle showed it to me. It was the only song I played for like five years.

Did you start making stuff up early on?
Pretty much right away. But I don't think I

got good until I was 21 or so. Or at least I didn't think I was good until then.

Tell me about this Les Paul of yours. It, um, fell off the back of a truck, right?

My dad knew this guy that somehow came into a bunch of Les Pauls. My dad brought one home for me from work one day. It's an expensive guitar, and I doubt my dad paid close to full price for it.

But you knew what a Les Paul was at that point, right?

Sure, because it was Slash's guitar, and he was one of my favorite guitar players when I first started. And I also knew when my dad brought this guitar home that there was something shady about, let's say, the provenance of it. He actually didn't let me use it for a long time. It was sort of this carrot on a stick. "Get good enough grades, and you'll get the Les Paul."

Did it work?

I never really got good grades, so he just handed it over when I graduated high school. It was in the house locked up for like four years.

Everyone who commits to being a great gui-



Mike: Surface to Air sweater, APC shirt. Helmut Lang pants; JR: Fremont dress

tar player has to go through a period when it's all they do, all day long. You have to become like a guitar-nerd hermit.

That comes and goes in spurts for me. When I was 19 and 20, that was a big time.

What was your life like then?

I was coming out of being wild. I'd lived in New York City for a few years and burned out on raging every night, going out to bars, staying out till really late in the morning... The drugs I was taking changed and I started to stay home more. I basically played guitar for two years straight, all day and all night.

Is it a secret that you were a heroin addict?

Well, I don't talk about it all that much...

Is it off the record then? Come on!

No, no.

People who are creative who get into that shit go one of two ways. They either work on their thing constantly, like you did, or they drop it all and then years later start up with the "I coulda been a contender" stuff.

Yeah, all I did was play. But I dropped everything else.

So something good came out of it then.

Totally. But if things were different and I never started doing drugs, maybe I would have ended up playing all day for a couple years anyway. It just happened to happen in that time. That's when I came into my own.

When did you first start writing songs?

I was drawn toward American music like blues and country—genres where there was a formal way you wrote a song. For a long time, the songs that I wrote were performed in a very strict style. They used a language and phrases and topics that weren't my own, but I related to them.

Like who are we talking about here?

Hank Williams, Skip James... there's millions. There was a while of doing that and not being happy with the songs I wrote or thinking that they were mine. It was more like I was adding to the canon of that kind of songwriting. It helped though. All the songs I write are still in a modified country/blues tuning, but they don't have that down-home American vibe anymore. I took the ways I learned of playing from all those old records and simplified or twisted it a little bit.

Didn't you spend some time down South learning from some cool old guys?

I'd made friends with this band from Memphis called Lucero, so I went down and stayed with them in the summer a few years ago. They knew all these older guys who sort of came up through blues, rock and roll, and R&B. I recorded an album's worth of songs with the Lucero guys. It was all the kind of stuff I just told you about. I think I had to do that stuff to figure out...

Get it out of your system?

Well, not really, because I didn't know I was getting it out of my system when I was doing it. Once I got back to New York, I realized that I had made this really Southern record. But the thing about playing down there is, like, everyone just takes their time. It was so hot. You didn't really get started doing anything until seven or eight at night. That way of being laid-back and spread out kind of tempered the New York uptightness that I generally have.

Were you able to successfully bring that stuff back with you? Many people have tried.

Only as far as songwriting. I was able to take



Mike: Patrik Ervell jacket, Genera shirt, Kim Jones pants; Lauren: 55DSL dress

my time with it a little bit more. Maybe the song can be seven minutes long instead of three, and maybe the song can be about more than one thing. I didn't feel like I was in a rush anymore either. I mean, I'm a little old to be coming out with a first record.

No...

I'm 27.

But you're one of those guys who's been playing around town for years now. There's Soldiers of Fortune, you've played with Cass McCombs...

I've always liked the idea of being spontaneous more than being in a band, so whenever someone asked me to play guitar, I would say yes just to see what we could come up with. But then I started to feel like I was doing that too much. I didn't want to end up—

A session guy?

I never wanted to be just a guitar player. I wanted to stand in the middle of the stage, not on the side, so I backed off of playing guitar for other people and started writing these songs.

The songs on the record have a lot of words.

It's a real lyricist's record. I remember being at your house last year and you were reading, like, Greek tragedies.

Sophocles! [laughs]

So is there Sophocles in your lyrics?

I hope so! I mean, I work at it. I sit there like you'd write a book or an article. I don't just throw down a bunch of words.

You're really into that period of Leonard Cohen that people don't like to namecheck so much—even though it's his best stuff.

I think that idea of a wunderkind, like early Cohen, Lou Reed, or Bob Dylan, is bullshit. People get better as they get older. Those Cohen records like *I'm Your Man*, *The Future*, and *Various Positions* are so much better than his earlier stuff! There's all this dark drama on his early stuff, and there are brilliant moments, but he really hit his stride in the late 70s. It makes me happy to think that I have a few more years under my belt before I put out my first record.

You used to give a lot of guitar lessons.

It was mostly to people who wanted to learn how to play blues or old rock and roll. I figured out a pretty easy way to show that to

people. To play that stuff, the less you know about the guitar already, the easier it is. People pick it up really fast.

OK, so what's your favorite chord?

I thought you might ask me this. It's C.

Nice!

It's been all about C for the past few years. The tuning I use is kind of a C tuning. It sounds really good when you strum a C chord really loud. Maybe it's because there are no sharps or flats in it.

It's all natural.

C is also the only key I can sing in, so...

Last question: Will you cop to the fact that a lot of people think you're the best guitar player in New York?

Well, I mean, I don't know. I feel like I have a good way of playing. But a lot of guitarists have such a gunslinger vibe. It's kind of macho...

Come on, cut the shit.

OK, OK. I'll cop to it. I am one of the better guitar players in New York.

There we go!

INTERVIEWED BY JESSE PEARSON



United Bamboo coat, Nudie Jeans, Valentino shoes

RHYMESAYERS

ATMOSPHERE Sad Clown Bad Summer #9



Just in time for a little Summer fun **Slug & Ant** drop volume 9 of their infamous *Sad Clown* series to hold us over while they put the finishing touches on their 6th official studio album *When Life Gives You Lemons...* due early next year.

MF DOOM MM..FOOD?



Seconds Anyone? After being out of print for close to two years, **MM..FOOD?** returns with a **Bonus DVD** with over an hour of live performances and behind the scenes footage. The initial pressing of this reissue also comes in a **special limited candy bar chocolate scratch-n-sniff silver mylar package with a bonus poster and sticker to boot.**

BROTHER ALI The Undisputed Truth



"If his first album, *Shadows on the Sun* - one of 2003's best hip Hop releases - was meant to introduce Ali... then *The Undisputed Truth* seals the damn deal." **URB ★★★★★**

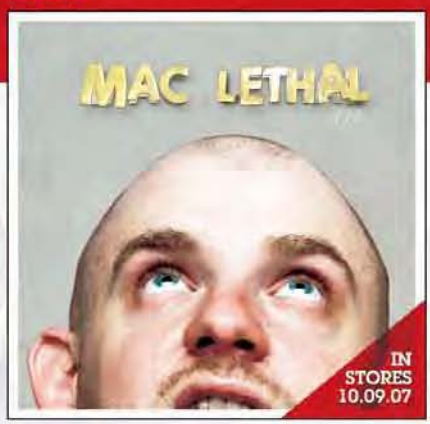
"Ant perfectly underscores Ali's gruff cadence, simultaneously self assured and stressed, with a melodic lope that scrunches soul vocals underneath loops of bluesy guitar." **Spin ★★★★★**

GRAYSKUL Bloody Radio



Onry Ozzborn (Count Draven) & **JFK** (Count Magnus) return with their latest opus *Bloody Radio*. A conceptual masterpiece that serves itself as reverse brainwash music for today's contemporary hip hop radio listener, typically force-fed imaginary genres. *Bloody Radio* features guest appearances by **Slug** of Atmosphere, **Aesop Rock**, **Pigeon John**, **Cage** & **Andrea Zollo** of *Pretty Girls Makes Graves*.

MAC LETHAL 11:11



The debut full-length album from Kansas City's native son **Mac Lethal**. One of **URB's Next 100** Mac Lethal has been making a name for himself for years. Whether he's terrorizing rappers at events like *Scribble Jam* ('02 **MC Battle Champion**) or earning his road stripes touring with artists like **Atmosphere**, **Sage Francis** or **P.O.S.** Mac Lethal has arrived and he's brought his signature sarcastic observation on life with him.

COMING SOON:

ATMOSPHERE
Sad Clown Bad Fall Number 10

ATMOSPHERE
When Life Gives You Lemons...

AB RUDE + VITAMIN D
Dear Abbey

JAKE ONE
Jake One Presents: White Van Music

CATCH ATMOSPHERE, BROTHER ALI, MAC LETHAL AND GRAYSKUL ON TOUR THIS FALL.



ROCA DE LA MUERTA

LA's Mexigoths Don't Cry

PHOTOS AND INTERVIEWS BY JEANEEN LUND

They're Mexican, they're goth—they're Mexigoths. We've seen a lot of attention given to the sub-cultures of Mexican Morrissey fans and Mexican skaters like in Larry Clark's *Wassup Rockers*, but what about good old-fashioned corpse-painted, ruffle-wearing goths? The Mexigoth scene in LA is huge. They have clubs that cater specifically to them (Club London, Chamber) and their own bands (Hocico, Dulce Liquido). Why haven't we seen these Mexican goths until now? Is it because they usually travel only in shadows and mystery, by night, like fugitives from the world of the living? Or maybe it's that under all the white pancake makeup, it's hard to tell Mexican from not Mexican? Could it be that goth knows no race? Hmm...



VLADIKOUS, 19

What type of goth are you?
A mix of rivet and death rock.

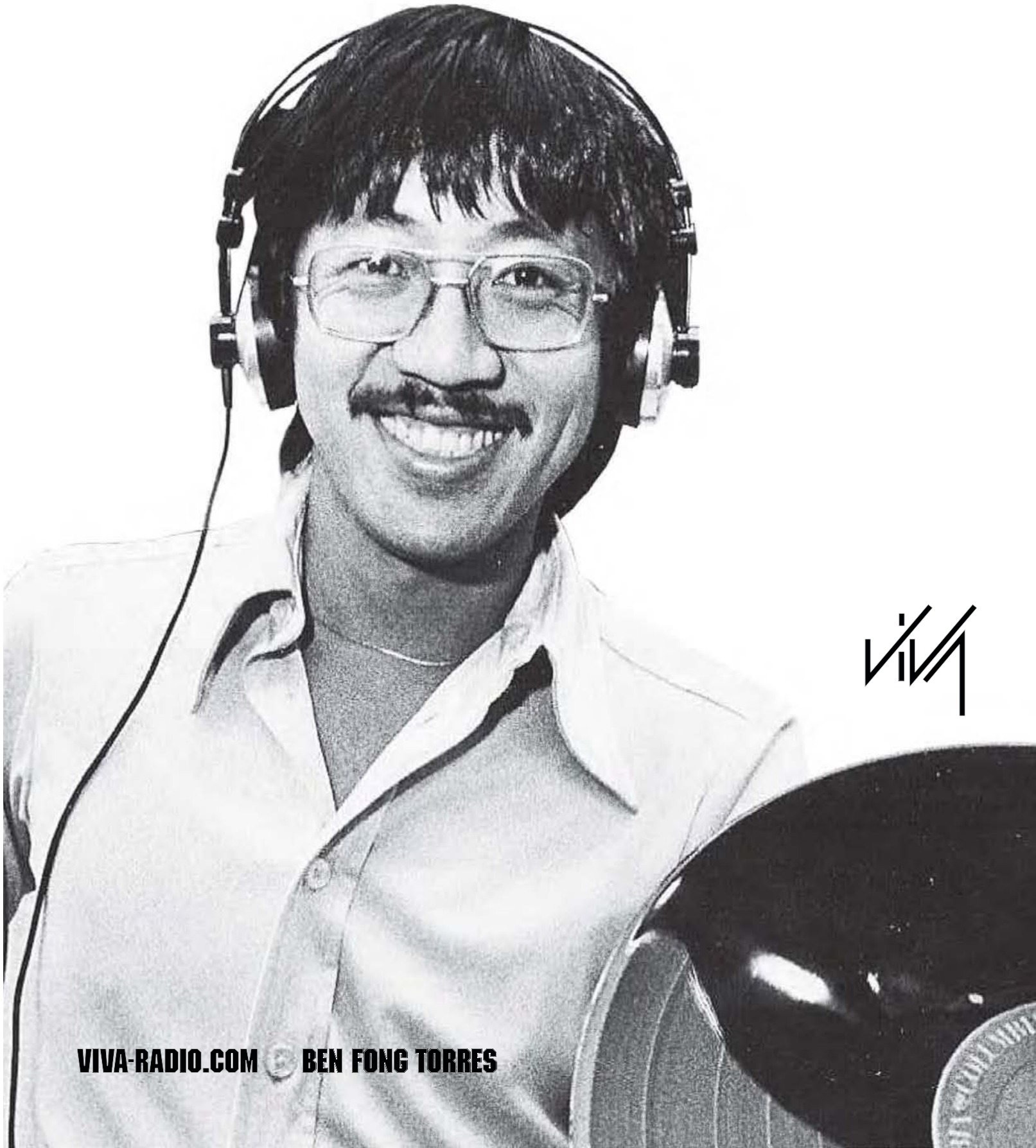
What was it about goth that drew you into its dark portal?

Ever since I was little, I was intrigued by the look, by the passionate way the people danced and lived. It's like a black dot on a white wall.

What are your favorite bands?
Hocico, London After Midnight, And One, Sisters of Mercy, and Specimen.

How does your family react to you?
They think of me as a lowlife. They are very typical Mexican parents.

Freeform radio godfather and former *Rolling Stone* editor, Ben Fong-Torres is just one of the many contributors on Viva Radio, the only 24/7 online radio station bringing it back on track.



VIVA-RADIO.COM BEN FONG TORRES



DIANA, 25

What kind of goth art thou?

I'm a death rocker. I'm not a little velvety goth.

What first ignited your torrid love affair with the goth scene?

Dressing up goth is an art form. And the music was key, of course. It will always be a part of me.

What are your favorite bands?

Anything Rozz did—Christian Death, Shadow

Project, Premature Ejaculation. I also really like Specimen, Joy Division, Bauhaus, Cinema Strange, Theatre of Hate, and Aus Gang.

What levels of grief do your parents give you?

I come from a traditional Mexican Catholic family and I was the only one who was outside of the norm. As I've gotten older I've toned it down a lot and they aren't as against it now. But they still don't understand.



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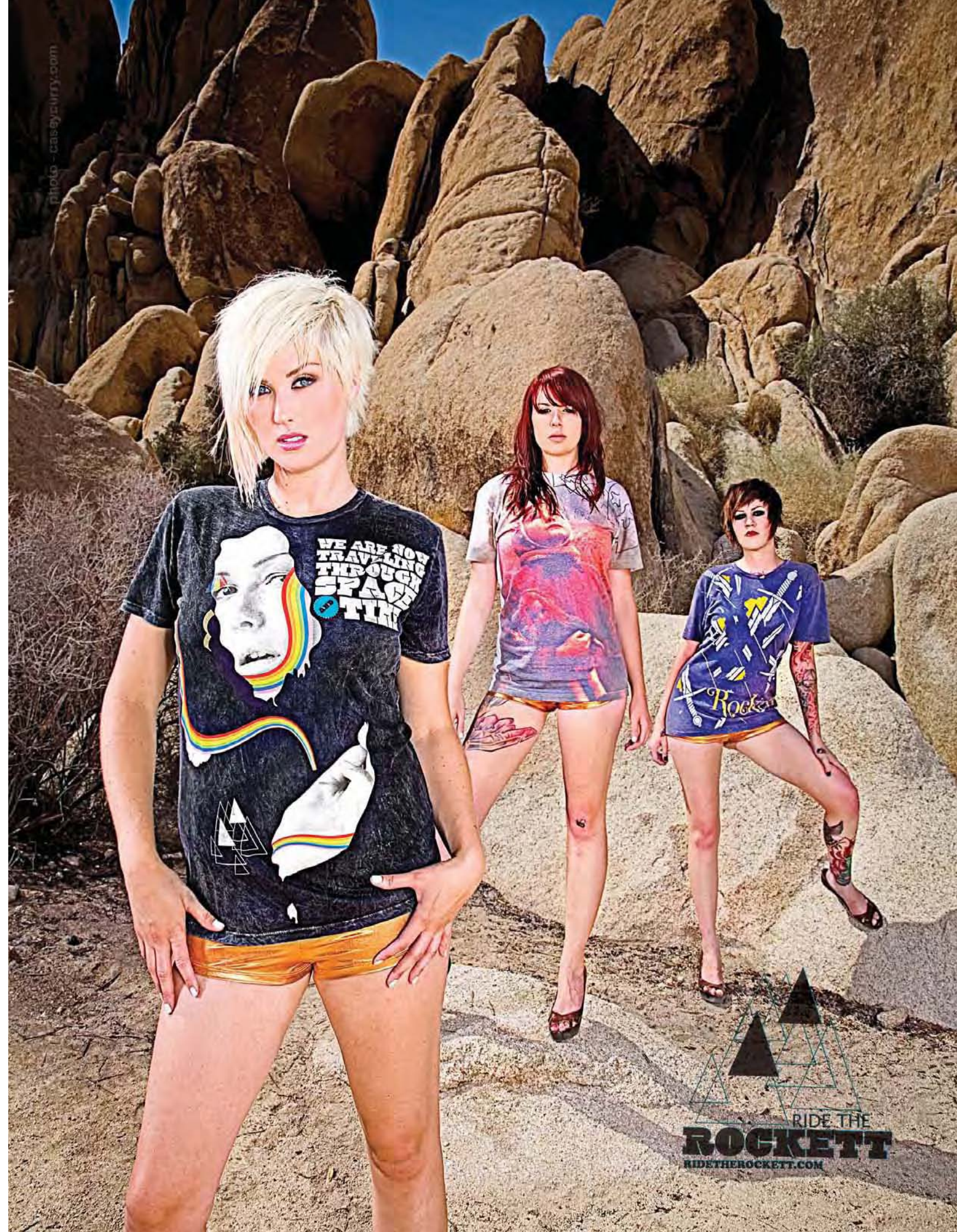
DANNY, 23

Kindly state the subgenus of goth to which you belong.
I'd say classic goth.

What drew you in to the murky goth netherworld?
My cousin introduced me to the music when I was about 14. The first bands I heard were Cocteau Twins, the Cure, Siouxsie, Joy Division, and Depeche Mode, and I fell in love with them.

What's the best thing about the goth scene?
The music, and I like how it's a different way of expressing yourself with makeup and clothes.

Is your family supportive or are they conformist posers?
It was hard for my mom to understand at first. She thought I was in a cult or something. But now my parents have gotten used to it and they think it's interesting.





CHRYSTAL, 27

What species of goth are you?
A blend of death rock and old-school industrial.

Why goth?
I love dancing. When I'm dancing to this kind of music I can let my emotions and anger out and I feel like it's a safe place to do it.

And the music?
It's the lyrics—there's a lot of stuff that you can relate to when you're feeling like "Why is the

world this way?" Like Skinny Puppy is against the vivisection of animals and they sing about having compassion for animals. And of course I like the hard beat.

What are your favorite bands?
Depeche Mode, Skinny Puppy, the Chameleons, and the Cranes. I'm interested in all types of music, and when I DJ, I'll play anything from Bowie to Cocteau Twins.



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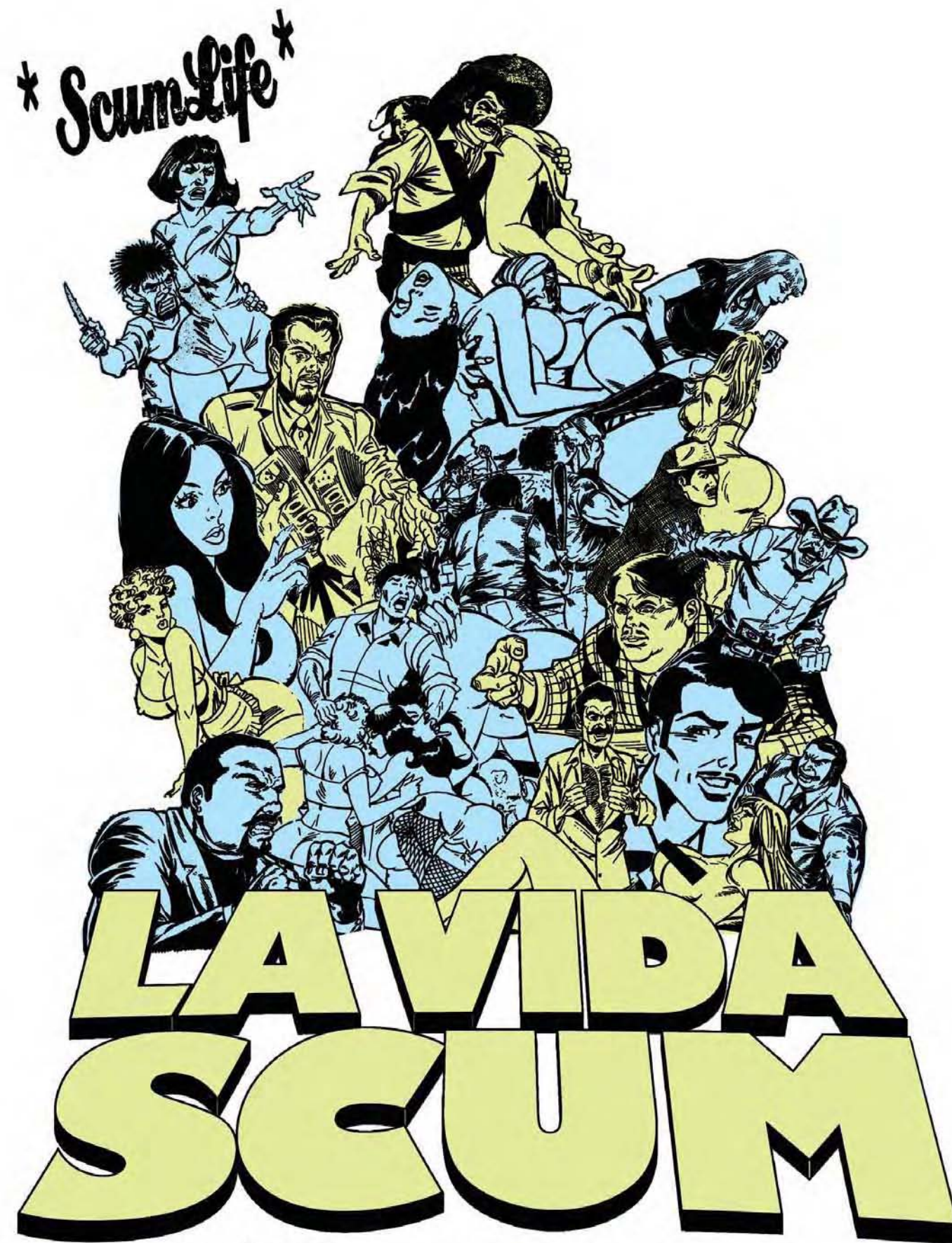
ARELY, 19

Do you consider yourself goth?
If I had to label myself I would say more death-rock style.

When were you first bitten by the deer tick of gloom?
I started out with London After Midnight, and from there I found out about similar bands like Alien Sex Fiend. The magazine *New Grave* caught my attention and I checked out all the bands that were in it, like Specimen and Tragic Black.

What's awesome about the scene?

The people in the bands are such great people. When you meet them they actually make time for you and they aren't stuck up like most band members. Everyone dances to have fun and forget about the outside world. Dancing is really fun. I didn't start dancing until February because I used to be too shy.



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WE COULD BE THE NEW WIND!

One Small Girl Covers the Internet in Farts

Recently, while innocently perusing YouTube and—swear to God—not looking for anything raunchy, I came across this amazing girl who posts tons of videos of herself farting and subsequently cracking herself up. That’s it, just farts ‘n’ laughs from a cute young woman in California. But then I took a look at the number of views she was getting and I was blown away. (Get it? Blown away?) But seriously folks, Jacki here rips many a one on the web and then thousands of people (mostly horny guys) watch it and tell her how beautiful she is, how great her farts must smell, how they want to get farted on by her, and just how superduper farts are in general. I had to know what lay behind the clouds of gas, so I contacted Fart Girl. She is now my new best friend.

Vice: So is it true that when you were kids, you and your sister made a fart mixtape that you’d listen to on family roadtrips?

Jacki: Yeah, farting was a huge part of our relationship, which I know sounds really weird for two sisters. The thing is, my dad was a hillbilly born in a lean-to in Tennessee and he really wanted some boys to, you know, go fishing and hunting and to cut the cheese with. So along with being on the soccer, basketball, and softball teams, we were on the “fart with dad” squad.

Was your dad a serious farter?

Well, our family used to have this old brown and white velvety Barcalounger-type thing that was “Dad’s spot.” I know some gay fart

fetishists would have paid some serious bucks for that thing on eBay since my dad would basically sit there from the time he got home from work at 5 PM until bedtime at 11. He ripped so many long nasty ones on that thing.

What about shit? Were turds a larf with your family?

Yes, so actually it was a fart- and poo-positive household. They have always been a source of comedy. My dad is sort of known as the guy who, if he visits your house, will without fail clog up the toilet. We actually have a video of him using a snake plumbing tool to unclog my grandparents’ toilet in Texas. In fact, he broke one snake with his bricklike poo and had to run back to the hardware store to get another one. So fucking funny.

So you and your sister would just hang around farting?

The summers would pass with my sister and I watching reruns of *Gidget* and surprising each other as we lay on the couch with a big fart on the head. Also, my sister and I are quite different people. Despite my dad, I turned into kind of an indie girly-girl who does ballet. My sis remained the easygoing tomboy. So farting was something we always had in common and could share with a laugh despite our differences.

What did your mom think of all this fart frivolity?

It was a source of some tension in our household. While my dad was a fart proponent, my mom is a little 4’11” Vietnamese lady who always tried to teach us to be ladylike. I mean, she even named me after Jacqueline Kennedy. She always had makeup on, her hair done, always in an “outfit.”

But the thing is, my mom was a closet farter. Once in while, she used to cup her hand over her crack to catch a fart, and then she’d release it into one of our faces! So while most of the time she would give us a nasty look if we cut one, I think the irresistible natural comic nature of farting would overtake her. She had some nasty ones too. I think it was because she used to eat this fish called mudfish that she had to cook in the garage on a hotplate because it smelled so bad. It smelled even worse coming out!

When did you first make the move to video-taping farts?

It was a total whim. This guy who I had met in Paris came to visit me, and I told him about YouTube. You know, the French are not as up-to-date as we are about some things. When I was at his place in 2006, the poor *cornichon* still had dial-up. Anyway, I told him that anyone can put whatever kind of *connerie* [stupidity, bullshit] on YouTube and there’s a chance that out of total randomness they could become famous. So we searched for farts as an example and of course found tons of clips. I guess we didn’t pay too much attention though and did not notice that chicks

were getting all kinds of nasty comments on their postings. We just liked to watch the clips of dudes lighting their farts on fire! After that, whenever I had to rip one he would record it. Those first few clips of me farting with him laughing in the background are the beginning. He recorded them on his cameraphone so the quality sucks. It was funny too because he said that before me he had never heard a girl fart. Alas, tender is love. I kicked him to the curb eventually.

Why?

All that fucking Thom Yorke bullshit. But sometimes I wonder if he is out there still spying on my YouTube channel. I guess I should thank him. Anyway, after I punted him back to Paris, I stopped recording for a while, but then one day I just started again and it kind of turned into a funny hobby.

Can you explain your name on YouTube?

It’s *peteuse*, which is French for a farting or gassy girl. *Pet* (pronounced “peh”) is the noun for “fart.” *Peteuse* is a girl, *peteur* is a boy.

Oh yeah, like Le Pétomane, that legendary French vaudeville fart performer. Anybody reading this who doesn’t know about him should Google his name right now.

It seems that lot of dudes get boners from watching your fart videos. What do you think of that?

I don’t understand it completely but I don’t have the fetish so... But I think lots of fetishes have to do with having access to something forbidden or something that a woman usually is embarrassed about or tries to hide. I’m involved in the foot-fetish community. I sell my stinky worn-out ballet shoes to guys who like to smell stinky feet. Women are often embarrassed about their stinky feet and also by farting. Lots of dudes get off on being privy to those things, I guess.

What about all the comments on your videos? They get a wee bit dirty.

I don’t get offended or anything. It’s a fantasy for men, and I guess I’m a little bit of an exhibitionist so I like the idea of guys wanking to thoughts of me. Overall, though, it’s just comedy. I still watch my and my sister’s clips and laugh my ass off. There is a dominant element to this fart-fetish thing: face sitting, ass worship, and such. Some sub guys want to be humiliated by being farted on by a dominant woman. But if I had to sit on someone’s face and cut a big one, I would just bust up laughing. I couldn’t do the whole “You like that, you little needledick, suck it up and smell it” routine.

There are a thousand types of farts. Can you break down a few for our readers?

My personal favorites are the Chuck Yeager, the Saigon, and the SBD.

What’s the Chuck Yeager?

They, of course, break the sound barrier. This is the kind that after you rip it, you are completely amazed at yourself, wondering where all that gas fit inside your organs—especially if you are on the little side like me. These farts often have accompanying pain and necessitate a shorts check. They are usually either pointed and sharp sounding or long and bassy. I’ve done an eight-second-long Chuck Yeager fart in jeans that almost knocked me over. It’s in one of my videos. In high school I did a Yeager when I was hanging out with my friends on this big grassy hill on campus. Everyone turned around and looked—this is a hill that is like 100 yards from one side to the other—and I acted all shocked and turned to my best friend Leah and yelled “Leah! That’s gross!” She never forgave me for that.

What about the Saigon?

If you’ve ever heard Vietnamese people speak, you’ll notice that they have some interesting sounds that we really don’t make as English speakers. Viet language is multitonal, with lots of *guh gu gu guh buh buh buh aww!* glot-

tal stops and ups and downs in tones. These farts are like what you would hear if you went to a community meeting in Saigon, or in some Vietnamese community and all the members were pissed off about something, like thugs breaking into their Toyota Camrys. These farts often come out first as a high-pitched airy squeak, then continue on to some kind of machine-gun sounds, then a pig squeal, then a long chunky groan. They are often the funniest because you’re like, “When did my ass learn to speak Vietnamese?”

SBD is Silent but Deadly. Right?

Yes. I hate to be cliché, but these are the best because they are your little secret. These are the kind that you let out little by little because you think if you just push it out it might be a Chuck Yeager. Sometimes they’re kind of wet. But then it just snakes out, slowly lisping and you can feel all the air between your cheeks. Then about two seconds later you’re trying to run away from yourself. These are good at the grocery store, the gym, or in the car with a friend (awesome). An SBD in church would be funny too. I do them all the time in ballet class, and sometimes it’s hard to get away from the smell because I’m at the barre doing exercises. I’ve never confirmed whether the girl behind me has ever smelled them but... she has to have. I know she hates me.

What food leads to the biggest farts?

Indian food, by far. Many of the Chuck Yeagers I’ve done come after eating Indian food. My current formula is a) channa masala, b) palak paneer, and c) rice and pappadams. The channa masala has garbanzo beans so you could just say it’s the beans that give it to me, but I eat beans by themselves all the time and they don’t turn me into a farting champ like this formula does. I think it is the spices, the grease, and the rice that do it. Oh yeah, and they smell REALLY bad!

INTERVIEW BY QUINN MORRISON



When gay terrorists blow themselves up they get this instead of the standard 72 virgins.



I know you think she didn't get your message and you should probably call her again. Dude. She's listening to your message right now and you calling on the other line is only going to remind her of that crazy ex-boyfriend who got dumped for acting exactly the same way. As we say in Canada, "Chill oot."



She looks like the one stand-out, too-sexy-for-the-rest-of-them mod that all the other ones look up to. Basically the female version of that guy Sting played in *Quadrophenia*.



He may be a bit chubby for heroin chic but not everyone can pull off Clark Kent as JT Leroy if he played guitar for the Sonics.



The unfair ratio of men to women in New York seems like a boring statistic until you're flanked by two 8s at a bar and they both actually care which one you're going to go for.



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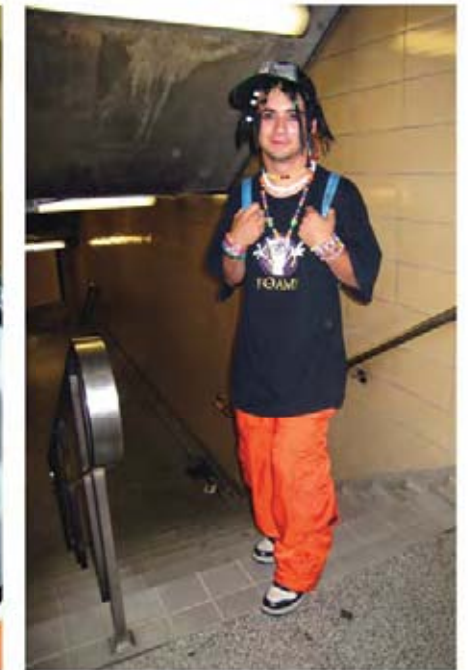
DON'Ts



Are biker ex-hippies so over everything that their whole life is just kidding, or does four decades of pot turn your brain into an eight-year-old impressionist from Versailles who shits the bed and has no friends?



If you really had balls you'd stick one of them in this guy's mouth.



This lil' weirdo likes being attacked by dogs so much he dressed himself up as a chew toy.



She spent so long getting ready, she rolled over the line that separates "made up" from "in drag."



Who knew someone's posture could be so infuriating? Are we *All Aboard! Rosie's Family Cruise* and the boat is tipping sideways? Somebody please rip off those orthopedic legs and give them back to their rightful owner.



There's something strangely insincere about these two. They're either narcs, Amish teens in their devil's-playground phase, or normal people in a four-month delusional period where they think they might be weird.



"Cause I'm that dude that got what you need."

Mickey Avalon

RAPPER, REBEL, ROCK STAR

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"Where You At?"





Look, they know you're not going to be giving it up for them anytime soon and they wouldn't know what to do with it if you did, but old dudes have an entire encyclopedia of sexual data in their heads, so when you throw them a 10-second courtesy flirt you're actually giving a scientist a hundred Rubik's Cubes he can sit and mull over for the rest of the year.



Punk's dead but picking through the scraps and taking them to the beach is like recycling but without the "government scam that makes you feel better even though it doesn't work" part.



This is what the world would be like if you could make girl's pants invisible and stare at their strange bruises.



Bums are a bummer because they can't hold it together but when crazy people have some cash and can handle their meds they make the party something to believe in.



While you lie there in front of the TV crying about how there's "nothing going on" this 14-year-old is making Game Boy belt buckles (that work) with his buddies and basically running PS 040.



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DON'Ts



After spending several months making her hair look like a homeless man's, she had her pants professionally pissed for \$2,000.



Wow, it's the entire spectrum of Worst Guys. Everything from the drunk yuppie millionaire at the wedding to the nu-metal rave-goth demanding change.



Are you lonely or funny or whipped or retarded or doing research or on a dare or lost or European or wasted or at Frosh Week or just looking to kill jocks?



You were 99.9 percent of the way there and then... WAW WAMP WAAAAAMMP you sink the whole thing into the ocean with those fucking old-lady-in-Miami-Beach shoes. What is it with you people and your terrible footwear choices?



This is such the kind of mom that calls herself a MILF. How gross is that by the way? "Hi, I'm Joanne. Strangers would like to put their dick in me."



"Speaking of moms, what's with Peter's mother? Is she even alive?" "He gets really weird if you ask about her. Apparently she lives in New York and she's really rich."

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Chinese parents show pictures of their elder daughters, who have been trafficked into prostitution.

HEAVY TRAFFIC

The Faces of Southeast Asia's Sex Slave Trade

I was sent to Asia by the International Labor Organization (ILO) as part of an initiative called the Mekong Sub-regional Project to Combat Trafficking in Children and Women. My task was to photograph the problems women and children endure on a daily basis. The assignment covered Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, and China. I have been photographing this same issue since 1999, and on other assignments I've traveled to Bangladesh and Indonesia.

1.36 million people in Asia and the Pacific region are exploited in labor as a result of trafficking, a recent ILO study estimated. That is 55 percent of the global figure of people who are taken advantage of in this way. It is thought that 40 to 50 percent of the trafficking victims are children, many of whom end up in the sex industry. Family members often play a major role in introducing children to the commercial-sex sector. They live in such abject poverty that they think this is the only way they can survive. Young girls and boys are in very high demand in this industry and are worth most to pimps and brothel owners.

Before visiting these countries, I imagined it would be difficult and at times almost impossible to get any pictures of the women and children working in the sex trade, but I was surprised by the attitude the

pimps and brothel owners had. Most let me photograph what I wanted in exchange for a few cans of soft drinks for the girls or a beer for the man. Sometimes, however, I was forced to act like a customer and pay money to enter a room in a brothel and photograph the girls without permission from the pimp. I don't think he cared as long as he had the cash. It was not something I felt good about but that was the only way to get the picture.

Most girls were happy to be photographed. I think in some way they thought it might help them. I sincerely hope it does. Photographing the girl in China with the razor-blade scars and cigarette burns was the worst part of my trip. She was drugged up to the eyeballs and she had a feeling of total desperation about her. Leaving her in that room I felt sick, but at the same time I felt some good that I had got the image to show the world.

Without publication of information and pictures, this form of slavery will continue to go unnoticed in the rest of the world. A lot more has to be done to stop the suffering of millions of women and children around the world. I hope, in some tiny way, that my pictures have helped these slaves of poverty.

NICK RAIN



A trafficked girl in China has turned to cutting to deal with her fragile mental state after being forced into prostitution and drug taking.

A Cambodian pimp jokes with his workers outside his brothel. The girls are forced into the sex trade to pay off their parents' debts.



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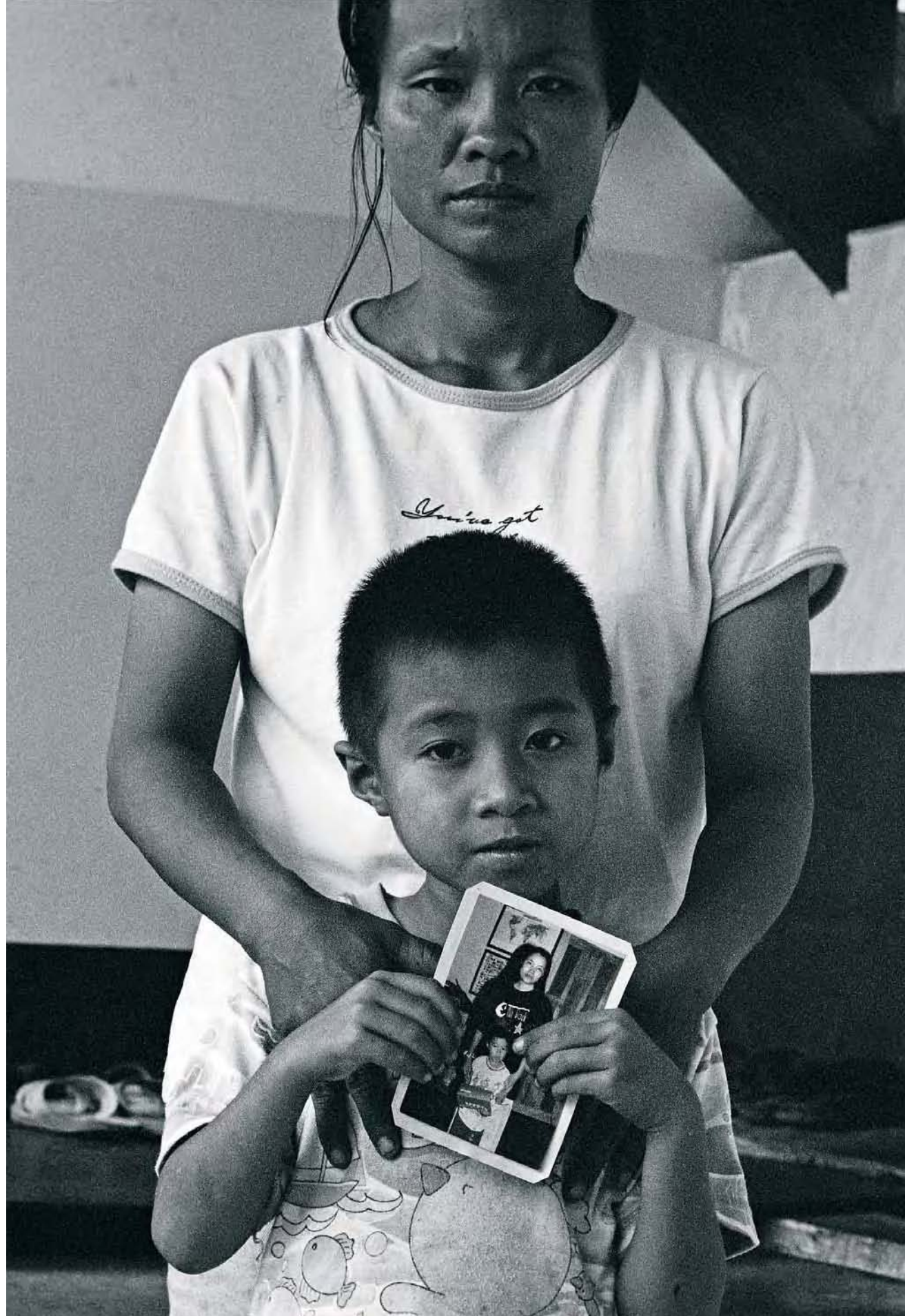
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In Thailand, an HIV-positive boy holds a photo of his mother, who works as a prostitute in Bangkok.

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE PRESENTS:
KEVIN DREW

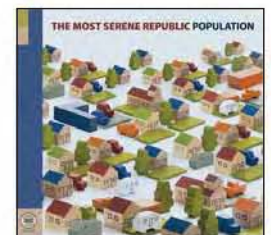
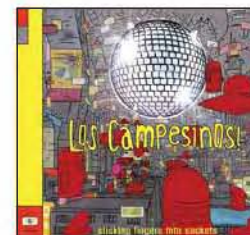
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Vietnamese and Cambodian girls wait for customers near the Thai-Cambodian border.



A mother holds an ID card, the only thing she has left of her child, who was trafficked into the sex trade.



ALSO OUT NOW:



TONIGHT I HAVE TO LEAVE IT EP





This girl lives with her mother and father, who, being Cambodian farmers, are the poorest of the poor. Her father was tricked by local traffickers, who promised they could find his eldest daughter work in the city as a waitress or a cleaner in a hotel. They gave the father enough money to buy a cow to work his land as a down payment until his daughter earned a wage. They never heard anything for three years until another Cambodian girl, who was rescued from a brothel in Malaysia, reported seeing his daughter at the same brothel. The father said he will never let the same fate befall his youngest daughter.

DRAGONS OF ZYNTH CORONATION THIEVES



“Dragons of Zynth, a Cleveland-bred group whose as-yet-titled debut, is produced by Dragons of Zynth and David Andrew Sitek, which is bonkers. Their hazy rock and synthesizer soul, coupled with brilliant shows in New York, are just what these war-torn summer days should sound like.”

XLR8R

“One of the city’s most groundbreaking new bands, Dragons of Zynth combine punk, dub, funk, soul and heavy metal in a way so fresh it’s been given its own name.

WNBC.com

“These guys put it all out there. Think of their sound as sort of synthy stoner rock from outer space... 2007 could very well be the year of Dragons of Zynth.”

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A Vietnamese girl, who is said to be a virgin by her pimp. She was trafficked to Cambodia to pay off her family's debt.

Sold to a local brothel by their parents, who were in debt, these Indonesian girls (one 15 and the other 16) will work until their parents have paid off what they owe.



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SLIME BALLIN'
Toxxxix.com / Metrointeractive.com
Dir: Vincent Voss
Rating: 8

This is weird. Without consciously doing it I have been removing my wedding ring before I masturbate. I'm not certain when it started or why, but I began noticing it a few weeks back. I've been thinking that the reason may be that I don't think it's acceptable to wear my ring when having sex with another woman, imaginary or not. Or maybe the ring just feels weird on my pecker. But I don't ever use that hand (actually I pretend to only have one hand like the drummer in that band), so I don't think that's it.

When I was in Atlanta in July on my little *Skinema* book tour, I found myself ringless and pretend-armless in my room unloading my awesome before I went to the bar. Earlier that morning I kissed my wife good-bye for three weeks; hours later I was already missing her. And her mouth. So when it came time to get busy with mine own self I naturally removed my ring. But this time I forgot to put it back on. I dressed, primped what little hair I have left, blew into my hand and made sure my breath was stinky, tied my shoes, and walked out of the hotel to drink.

Ten minutes from the hotel all the subtle nuances hit me: the street painted rainbow, the moon in the sky having a pink triangle drawn around it, the male homeless offering blow jobs for change, the abundance of men wearing Speedos, and everyone being so well groomed. I

was in the gay part of town and all the fellows seemed to be giving me the googly eyes. I looked down and saw the tan line from my wedding ring and imagined that they thought I intentionally took off my ring so I could step out on my wife with some Grade gAy man meat.

I began to panic, not that I would accidentally give a few hundred men hand jobs but that maybe my subconscious had picked up on the gayness of the neighborhood and forgot to tell me. Maybe leaving the ring in the room was no accident. Maybe I did have some change for the stinky homeless. I sat at the bar and the not-gay male bartender asked what he could get me. I yelled, "Not a blow job!" and stormed out. I called some friends and had them meet me at the hotel. I grabbed my ring and met them in the lobby.

We sat beside two pretty girls from Boston and their 60-year-old leather handbag they called a mother. They were in town for some prayer convention. They sold prayer cards is what I got out of it. My friends were trying to bed down with the two young ladies. So I pretended to show sexual interest in the old lady. I asked her, "Do you have a ring on that finger, sweetheart?" She said yes. "Well, me too," I told her, "but we can get around all that." "No," she said, "my husband is dead." "Oh," I said and without thinking about what the alcohol was making me say I said, "Well, if you like, I can kill my wife so we can be even."

She lost her mind. Started crying. Saying what a good man her husband was and a lot of other stuff I didn't care much about. "Lady, I was just kidding. Don't be such a baby," I said. She stormed off, sobbing. I was now the fifth wheel. I said good night to my friends and the girls and went to sleep. That night I dreamed I had those eyes that grow out of potatoes growing out of my ball sack. All I could think was, "Great. Just great. I don't have health insurance."

CHRIS NIERATKO
For more of Chris go to Chrisnieratko.com or Myspace.com/njskateshop.

TWO GALLANTS
"TWO GALLANTS"
CD & LP out Sept. 25th

THE GOOD LIFE
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SWIZZ BEATS
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When Swizzy first created Casio cacophonies for DMX, we thought he killed hip-hop. Years later, he’s become the ultimate hip-hop Renaissance man. He’s also responsible for two of the year’s greatest jams, “It’s Me Bitches” and “Top Down,” so who cares what the rest of the album sounds like, this dude’s got all-around good vibes. It’s showtime! DAVID DASH



SEAN PRICE
Master P
Duck Down

There’s nothing better than seeing a washed-up 90s rapper fall off and then reappear with a whole new relevance. He went from being this badass grimy Brooklyn dude to making fun of how broke he is and it’s charming everyone. Go get ’em, Sean P, you can do no wrong at this point. WHOADIE ALLEN



TALIB KWELI
Ear Drum
Blacksmith / Warner

A few years ago, Kweli had a crossover hit. In hindsight, “Get By” was probably the worst thing that could have happened to him. To maintain the momentum of commercial acceptance, he experimented with everything from rap-rock to duets with Mary J. Blige and failed miserably every time. *Ear Drum*, however, sees him return to his back-

**BEST ALBUM OF THE MONTH:
MAGIK MARKERS**

pack roots: no-frills, no-nonsense songs with a focus that echoes “The Manifesto.” Finally, he’s doing what he does best. We won’t be mixing it in with our “best of Crime Mob” podcast any time soon, but at least (or at last), Kweli’s career is finally making sense. BLAQUE PAK



COMMON
Finding Forever
G.O.O.D. Music / Geffen

I can’t front, it’s nice to see all the critical acclaim Common’s been getting. Dude’s on his seventh album and only one of them really sucks. He overcame the whole head-wrap vegetarian phase, he truly is one of the meanest lyricists out there, and he’s gracefully becoming, as his protégé-turned-mentor Kanye put it, the Marvin Gaye of rap music. But the bottom line is: *Finding Forever* is kind of a fruitier version of his last record and I’m never going to listen to this. Except for “The Game.” Incredible song. MACHO



HELL RELL
**Eat With Me
or Eat a Box
Full of Bullets**
Diplomats

This is what you title your record to get a happy face. It’s that simple. SMUTTY RUFF



IVAN IVES
Iconoclast
No Threshold

I love this shit: “Following the footsteps of such red luminaries as Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.” Um, what? I know this guy makes a big deal out of being Russian, but if you’re going to com-

pare rinky-dink hipster-hop to the guy who wrote *Crime and Punishment*, time to get back on the toilet-paper line, buddy. All we have here is mid-tier club fare clogged up with repetitive choruses and sucked dry of whatever dynamic may have existed. I thought Russia was supposed to be cold, so how come this is just room temperature? PRINCESS PEEPANTS





**NEW YOUNG
PONY CLUB**
**Fantastic
Playroom**
Modular

Some cute ‘n’ fluffy stuff here. Almost makes me nostalgic for electroclash... Almost. But what won me over is the second song, “Hiding on the Staircase,” which is clearly the hit. It’s very Tom Tom Clubby and I like the chorus when she sings, “It’s the sowwwwnd of confusianity.” Confusianity? I dunno, man, it’s funny. What can I say, I enjoy the simple pleasures. MABS MAPLE



**GANG GANG
DANCE**
Rawwar
The Social Registry

Gang Gang goes electro! The first song on here, “Nicomán,” is the closest thing to a pop song that these guys have ever done. It sounds kinda like dancehall filtered through lots of fringed shawls and weird psychedelic drugs that only Native Americans know about. It’s rad. The other two songs on this lil’ EP stick to classic GGD territory: the skip-stop collage and instrumental prettiness we’ve come to know and love so well. Rave on, you guys! MAY NELKREL

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QUI
Love's Miracle
Ipecac

There's two schools of aging gracefully. On the one hand you can gradually phase out the wild partying and drug use and start dressing a little tidier, while still going out and doing new things and casually keeping abreast of what the kids are up to. Or you can just remain the same teetering, shirtless fuck-up and keep finding a new batch of youngsters every ten years to prop up your drunken frame. Be advised if you decide to go the David Yow route, though, you have to really give 'er or else you'll just end up as Matthew McConaughey in that parking-lot movie. ZEYLON FRUYS

THE COATHANGERS
S/T
Rob's House

Funny, screechy girl punk band from Atlanta. Remember Raooul? No? Oh, hmm. Well, they sound like Raooul, which is to say they sound like a funny, screechy girl punk band from San Francisco circa 1993, which is a really good thing to sound like. Except sometimes the singer does that whiny Karen O voice thing and I'd like to suggest she veer away from that in the future. Nevertheless, good stuff! "Don't Touch My Shirt" is the jam. When the singer shrieks, "Don't touch my SHIIIIIIIT!" it really makes you not want to touch her shit. And you know what else, it's relatable. People touch my shit all the time even when I don't want them to, and now I have a song with which to express my displeasure next time

WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH:
HEAVY TRASH

my shit is touched by houseguests, coworkers, or whoever! Thanks, Coathangers! JOJO MALONEY

HOMOSTUPIDS
The Intern
Parts Unknown

Yup, I get it: "Who gives a shit, fuck you, we can't be bothered to play our songs properly because we're so crazy spastic we get wasted and fall down on stage so beware our dangerously unintelligible lo-fi whirlwind of insanity and punk rockitude, dude!" This shtick has oversold itself many times over, especially when you realize they DO give a shit enough to maintain a MySpace page and update their Blogspot with new-release info. Like, "Dude, I'm so fucking nuts I'm gonna reformat our album cover as a lo-res jpeg!" Plus in real life you know they must be totally nice guys, and there you go, point proven. SUZIE CREWCUTS

DROID
S/T
Emotional Syphon

In 1995, disenfranchised JNCOs-and-labret kids everywhere would have swarmed on Droid. However, it's over a decade later and the fans are all working in meth labs or AutoZone, oblivious to metal's evolution past groove-moshing and all things Ross Robinson. Some even diverged into nonsensical genres like "emo" or "electronica" in order to continue the same kind of vicarious self-absorption but with a better wardrobe and cuter girls. Pity poor Droid, left behind by the fleeting whims of children, lush goatees forever consigned to active-rock limbo in the bowels of America's sports-bar circuit. ARTIE PHILIE



AEROSOLS
7"
Youth Attack

Some people compose sonorous works of art, while others weave words into poetry. Then there are kids who like to smack those people in the face with a belt sander that's plugged in and dialed up to full blast. I've never been a big fan of all that meticulous erudition stuff, but I sure do get off on the scraping and screaming. With this in mind, if you still find yourself unsure which side of the fence you belong on, don't sweat it. Thirty seconds of Aerosols will just cleave your ass in half. VOMIT DIAPER

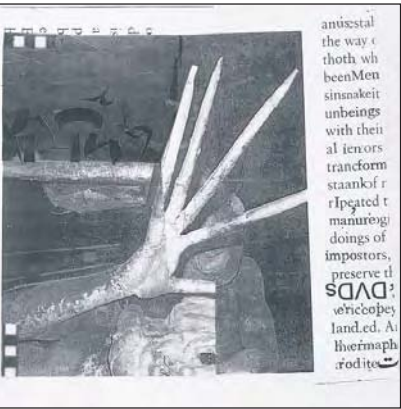
HEAVY TRASH
Going Way Out With Heavy Trash
Yep Roc

Ah, the fall of Jon Spencer has been like watching a giant oak tree die from disease. Stepping backward from blues slumming to sub-Stray Cats crapabillly, Spencer and Matt Verta-Ray (the guy from the rightfully forgotten Speedball Baby, and guess what? Not his real name) wake up every morning and believe it to be another decade. Back-alley rumble, shall we? Fuck this pomo *Big Chill* bullshit. ANDREW EARLES

DEAR TONIGHT
We're Not Men
Red Leader

Uh oh: return of the "personal/emotional hardcore record!" But wait! Don't be so quick to chuck DT into that stagnant Ebullition-issue leachate pool. For the first time in a long time, a band is successfully balancing introspection and vulner-





**BEST COVER OF THE MONTH:
ERIC COPELAND**

ability on a solid fulcrum of boiling pissed-offness. *We're Not Men* is smart, succinct, and flawlessly executed, ranking a spot on the shelf next to well-worn copies of Ignition's *Sinker* EP and Threadbare's *Feeling Older Faster*. It also scores highly among those who hate hearing about arcane punk bullshit and just want to enjoy their own cathartic good time. Those people don't read record reviews though.

TICK VON SPASM



**TWO GALLANTS
S / T**
Saddle Creek

If you're a rich gay Asian, San Francisco is mecca. If you're anyone else, it's a smoldering cesspool of dinks, douches, and other assorted wieners pretending to enjoy third-rate living at first-rate prices. But just like gold rises to the top in a bowl of shit (I made that up), Two Gallants have emerged from the mess and continue, with this, their third LP, to blow all other current drum-guitar combos out of the water. That's right—all of them.

JIM RICE



**THE DEADLY
SYNDROME
The Ortolan**
Dim Mak

I grew up listening to really shitty hardcore, then moved on when I wanted to see girls naked in places other than the internet. So when I tell you that this is so fucking lame that it makes me want to drive down the New Jersey Turnpike in a headband and listen to E-Town Concrete on repeat, take that seriously. "Beat you like a drum/To show you where I'm from! STRAIGHT FROM THE E-TOWN CONCRETE!!!!!!!" SAUSAGE FOOT



**LES SAVY FAV
Let's Still
Be Friends**
French Kiss



Since Morgan from Diamond Nights moved to LA to complete his transformation into Jennifer Aniston, there are only a few good bands left in Brooklyn that survived "Brooklyn"—right now, we've got Les Savy Fav, Cheeseburger, and...? Wow, thank God the Fav are back. Thank Godder this is their best work yet. Neck and neck with the 'Burger for record of the year. Seriously.

OIL CAN BOY



**HOT HOT HEAT
Happiness, Ltd.**
Sire



Honestly, I wish more mediocre bands did this goofy-singing thing where it sounds like someone with an English accent trying to make fun of someone with an even Englishier accent. It really hammers home the Sting-like genius of Hot Hot Heat's lyrics such as "Our beautiful memories, pillaged by the termites of time" (delivered with picture-perfect sincerity). I still can't believe that asshole was an English teacher (Sting, not these dipshits).

NORMAN SPITOW



**THURSTON
MOORE
Trees Outside
the Academy**
Ecstatic Peace



Expecting an album full of pointless noise or a guest spot filled by (insert

obscure free-jazz saxophonist here), aka exactly what the world doesn't need more of? Think again! These semi-brooding ditties further prove that the only good Sonic Youth is pop-song Sonic Youth, without all of the avant-accoutrements clogging up the process. Surprisingly, the perpetual cello is not irritating, and not so surprisingly, J. Mascis provides some guitar-shop-loiterer fret-board-burning solos that, if done by anyone else, would suck.

ANDREW EARLES



**OAKLEY HALL
I'll Follow You**
Merge



Oakley Hall's new album answers a lot of hypothetical questions. Like what if those old Lone Justice albums and other early-80s Paisley-Underground-gone-country moments were actually good? Or what if the entire history of alt-country and neo-roots rock disappeared, leaving just one amazing band?

ANDREW EARLES



**ENON
Grass Geysers...
Carbon Clouds**
Touch and Go



Hey, here is a band that has always sucked and still sucks.

THEPEET



**DIRTY
PROJECTORS
Rise Above**
Dead Oceans



My mom once walked in on me jerking off. I had a Blind Melon quote on my Trapper Keeper in high school. I had spacers and wore Krishna beads. In the face of all of

Fantastic Playroom

8.2
— PITCHFORK



NEW YOUNG PONY CLUB

"THE TARTED UP LITTLE SISTER THE SLITS NEVER HAD AND THE NAUGHTY GIRLFRIEND THE TOM TOM CLUB ALWAYS WANTED" — XLR8R
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these grand embarrassments, liking this record takes the cake. A flamboyant homo covers Black Flag (and is not Black Flag), makes it vaguely theatrical, and kills it. I'm cashing out my punk points at the door, maybe I can still score some novelty sunglasses.

REGGIE LEWIS



Whenever scientists come up with a new way to whiten teeth or make low-fat butter or something, you hear people say, "Shouldn't they have been doing something more worthwhile, like curing AIDS or fixing the environment?" Similarly, when I hear about yet another new acoustic Southern-rock act, I wonder, can't we dump this guy on a melting glacier and give him AIDS? I mean, OK, that's not exactly the same thing, but the point is, the world has lots of problems and we need to stop wasting time and find real solutions. At least I'm fucking trying. What the fuck've you done?

IAN MM-KAY?



Man, is this all over the place. I typically like a little bit of a buffer between my growling black-metal pastiches, my spacey Kraut synth, and my weird XTC-sounding jangle tunes, just to give my mind a second to breathe, you know? When you fling them all out there at once, wires get crossed, and instead of saying sensible things

**WORST COVER OF THE MONTH:
QUI**

like "This is a lot better than their last album" or "Hand me that pipe, please," all my brain keeps repeating is "Oh no you di'n't [*samba whistle*]!"

KASPER VAN DYKE



ERIC COPELAND
Hermaphrodite
Paw Tracks

Christ, what the fuck is that thing on the cover? Can you see that? It's like some sort of weird reptilian *Salem's Lot* hand that looks like it was clipped from a 30-year-old newspaper. It took me two tries to make it through this album, and it's all the fault of those weird stalky fingers. (Not to mention the frightening text along the side that says stuff like "anus stab" and "unbeings.") Good stuff once I did though—just the kind of well-crafted organic noise you'd expect from a Black Dice pro.

MELRON CHUBBARD



VAMPIRE WEEKEND
Cape Cod Kwassa Kwassa 7"
Free News Projects

Free News always puts out the prettiest vinyl singles. Usually they're picture discs, but this one is bright banana yellow and as thick as a Frisbee. I don't know if everything just sounds better on my dinky old record player, but these two songs are surprisingly awesome. I hear these guys are the big new buzz band, which is bizarre for a bunch of Columbia University students who namedrop Peter Gabriel in the chorus of their single, and who sound like a mixture of Belle and Sebastian, Arctic Monkeys, and Paul Simon's *Graceland*. So "preppy Afrobeat" is the next big thing then, eh? Weird. Bring it on, I guess.

ZORKY CHARLEMAGNE



JENNY HOYSTON
Isle of Southern



Erase Errata girl has made an album where every song sounds like a cover of a different band. The first (and best) song reminds me of Throwing Muses. Other ones sound like Freakwater, Chicks on Speed, the Need, Helium, and just about any other 90s girl band you can think of—which is interesting because Erase Errata also tend to sound a whole lot like a defunct 90s girl noise band called the Scissor Girls, who, sadly, no one remembers. So we're not dealing with much originality here, but I do like the first song, so, ka-thunk!—I'm slappin' a happy face on it.

MARY MCPANTS



MAGIK MARKERS
BOSS
Ecstatic Peace



This record is so good that we love it even after the band turned down our interview request. (Apparently they "hate *Vice*," though no reason was given.) It's not surprising, though, since they are rumored to be "snooty" and "prima donnas." And yet—and yet!—we STILL love them from the bottoms of our poor little ostracized hearts. Yes, sometimes they sound A LOT like Sonic Youth—Lee Renaldo even recorded the album and plays guitar on it—but they are by far the best out of the legions of bands that sound like Sonic Youth. Elisa, the singer/guitarist, has shades of Kim Gordon, Kat Bjelland, and Chan Marshall (wow!) and she manages to pull off ridiculous lyrics like "I am the secular Pentecost/Squeezing out the blue snake" with such coolness that you can't even laugh at it. Touché, pretension. But PS: Fuck you guys, for real.

MEG SNEED

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From The Book of Lists #3 by Amy Wallace and David Wallechinsky.
Illustrations by Laura Park.

The People's Almanacs and the Books of Lists were two series of amazing books that were started by a father, son, and daughter in the 1970s. For us, they are a great feat of alternative reference material—kind of like Wikipedia before there was an internet. We recently called up David Wallechinsky, the son part of the team, and asked him if we could maybe, you know, start a new feature in Vice based on his and his family's work because, um, you know, he kind of, like, changed our life and got us into wanting to research and write about arcane trivia and current events.

To our teenage-Beatles-fan-in-1964 levels of excitement, he said, "Sure, that sounds good." So here we have the first installment of The People's Lists, in which we choose some of the best bits of these essential (but hard to find now) books and have them illustrated by a girl named Laura Park, who just so happens to be one of our favorite new artists.

13 STRANGE DEATHS

A DAREDEVIL'S FINAL FALL

Bobby Leach was a colorful character who first became famous in 1911 when he went over Niagara Falls in a barrel. He continued to perform dangerous exploits, including parachuting over the falls from an airplane. In April 1926, Leach was walking down a street in Christchurch, New Zealand, when he slipped on a piece of orange peel and broke his leg so badly that it had to be amputated. Complications developed and he died.



THE BURDEN OF MATRIMONY

William Shortis, a rent collector in Liverpool, England, and his wife, Emily Ann, had not been seen for several days. Worried friends and a policeman entered the house on August 13, 1903, and were horrified to discover William, dazed and dying, at the foot of the staircase pinned to the floor underneath the body of his 224-pound wife. A coroner's jury concluded that the elderly couple had been walking up the stairs when Emily Ann fell backward, carrying her husband with her. Mrs. Shortis died immediately from a concussion, but William remained in his unfortunate position for three days, too seriously injured to extricate himself.



THE WORST NIGHTMARE OF ALL

In 1924, British newspapers reported the bizarre case of a man who apparently committed suicide while asleep. Thornton Jones, a lawyer, woke up to discover that he had slit his throat. Motioning to his wife for a paper and pencil, Jones wrote, "I dreamt that I had done it. I awoke to find it true." He died 80 minutes later.

THE PERFECT LAWYER

Clement L. Vallandigham was a highly controversial Ohio politician who engendered much hostility by supporting the South during the Civil War. Convicted of treason, he was banished to the Confederacy. Back in Ohio after the war, Vallandigham became an extremely successful lawyer who rarely lost a case. In 1871 he took on the defense of Thomas McGehan, a local troublemaker who was accused of shooting Tom Myers to death during a barroom brawl. Vallandigham contended that Myers had actually shot himself, attempting to draw his pistol from his pocket while trying to rise from a kneeling position. On the evening of June 16, Vallandigham was conferring in his hotel room with fellow defense lawyers when he decided to show them how he would demonstrate his theory to the jury the next day. Earlier in the day, he had placed two pistols on the bureau, one empty and one loaded. Grabbing the loaded one by mistake, Vallandigham put it in his trouser pocket. Then he slowly pulled the pistol back out and cocked it. "There, that's the way Myers held it," he said, and pulled the trigger. A shot rang out and Vallandigham explained, "My God, I've shot myself!" Thomas McGehan was subsequently acquitted and released from custody.



A FATAL TEMPER

On April 15, 1982, 26-year-old Michael Scaglione was playing golf with friends at the City Park West Municipal Golf Course in New Orleans. After making a bad shot on the 13th hole, Scaglione became angry with himself and threw his club against a golf cart. When the club broke, the clubhead rebounded and stabbed Scaglione in the throat, severing his jugular vein. Scaglione staggered back and pulled the metal piece from his neck. Had he not done that, he might have lived, since the clubhead could have reduced the rapid flow of blood.

KILLED BY JAZZ

Seventy-nine-year-old cornetist and music professor Nicola Coviello had had an illustrious career, having performed before Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and other dignitaries. Realizing his life was nearing its end, Coviello decided to travel from London to Saskatchewan to pay a final visit to his son. On the way, he stopped in New York City to bid farewell to his nephews, Peter, Dominic, and Daniel Coviello. On June 13, 1926, the young men took their famous uncle to Coney Island to give him a taste of America. The elder Coviello enjoyed himself but seemed irritated by the blare of jazz bands. Finally he could take it no longer. "That isn't music," he complained and he fell to the boardwalk. He was pronounced dead a few minutes later. Cause of death was "a strain on the heart."



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

It is almost impossible to die of an overdose of water, but Tina Christopherson managed to do it. The 29-year-old Florida woman, who had an IQ of 189, became obsessed with the idea that she suffered from stomach cancer, a disease which had killed her mother. In an attempt to cleanse her body, Christopherson went on periodic water fasts, during which she ate no food but drank up to four gallons of water a day. By February 17, 1977, she had consumed so much water that her kidneys were overwhelmed and the excess fluid drained into her lungs. She died of internal drowning, otherwise known as "water intoxication."

KILLED BY A ROBOT

Kenji Urada, 37, was a worker at the Akashi plant of Kawasaki Heavy Industries in western Japan. On July 4, 1981, he entered a restricted zone to repair a machine on a processing line for automobile gears. Although reports of the incident are confusing, Urada apparently became so engrossed in his work that he failed to notice the approach of a transport robot that delivered parts to the machine. The robot came up on Urada from behind and crushed him to death against the machine.



THE DEADLY DANCE

In August 1981, 11-year-old Simon Longhurst of Wigan, England, attended a Sunday-afternoon junior disco session where, along with other youngsters, he performed the "head shake," a new-wave dance in which the head is shaken violently as the music gets faster and faster. The following day, young Simon began suffering headaches and soon a blood clot developed. Three weeks later he died of acute swelling of the brain. The coroner ruled it "death by misadventure."



REVENGE OF THE PLANT KINGDOM

On February 4, 1982, 27-year-old David M. Grundman fired two shotgun blasts at a giant saguaro cactus in the desert outside Phoenix. Unfortunately for Grundman, his shots caused a 23-foot section of the cactus to fall on him, and he was crushed to death.

WHAT A WASTE TO GO

The 70-year-old mayor of Betterton, Maryland, Monica Myers, considered it part of her duties to check on the sewage tanks at the municipal facility. On the night of March 19, 1980, she went to the Betterton treatment plant to test for chlorine and sediment. Unfortunately, she slipped on a catwalk, fell into a tank of human waste, and drowned.



THE ELECTRIC GUITARIST

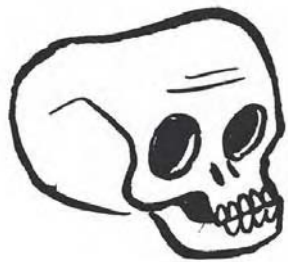
Keith Relf, who had gained fame as the lead singer of the Yardbirds, a 1960s blues-rock group, was found dead at his home in London on May 14, 1976. The cause of death was an electric shock received while playing his guitar. Relf was 33 years old.



A WISH FULFILLED

American revolutionary patriot James Otis often mentioned to friends and relatives that as long as one had to die, he hoped that his death would come from a bolt of lightning. On May 23, 1783, the 58-year-old Otis was leaning against a doorpost in a house in Andover, Massachusetts, when a lightning bolt struck the chimney, ripped through the frame house, and hit the doorpost. Otis was killed instantly.

14 PRESERVED PARTS



GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE'S SKULL

Even though Irish-born actor Cooke has been dead for over 170 years, he still gets steady work. Cooke's skull is owned by the Thomas Jefferson University Medical School library in Philadelphia, which lends it out to theatrical groups as a prop.



PAUL BROCA'S BRAIN

In one of the less frequented corners of the Musée de l'Homme (Museum of Man) in Paris are numerous bottles containing human brains. Some belonged to intellectuals, others to criminals. But perhaps the most distinguished of the specimens is that of Broca, a 19th-century physician and anthropologist who was the father of modern brain surgery.

ALBERT EINSTEIN'S BRAIN

What might have been the greatest brain of the 20th century was not buried with the body that housed it. Einstein asked that after his death his brain be removed for study. And when the great physicist died in 1955, this was done. The brain—which was neither larger nor heavier than the norm—was photographed, sectioned, and sent around the country to be studied by specialists. Some of the largest specimens are in Wichita, Kansas.

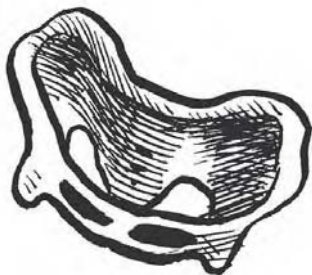


GALILEO'S FINGER

The great astronomer died in 1642, but his body wasn't interred in its final resting place until 1737. During that final transfer to the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, an aristocratic admirer cut off three of Galileo's fingers as keepsakes. Two now belong to an Italian doctor, but the third—a middle finger—sits in Florence's Museum of the History of Science pointing skyward.

JOSEPH HAYDN'S HEAD

The Austrian composer died in 1809. Soon after his burial, a prison warden who was an amateur phrenologist—a person who tries to correlate head bumps with character traits—hired grave robbers to steal the head. The warden examined the skull, then gave it to an acquaintance, and a remarkable 145-year-long odyssey began. The theft of the skull was discovered in 1820, when the family of Haydn's patron had the body disinterred. Eventually they got a skull back, but it wasn't Haydn's. The real item was passed from one owner to another, some of them individuals, others organizations. Finally, it found a home in a glass case at Vienna's Society of Friends of Music. In 1932, the descendants of Haydn's patrons once again tried to get it back. But WWII and then the cold war intervened—the body was in Austria's Soviet quarter, but the skull in the international zone. It wasn't until 1954 that body and skull were finally reunited.



CHARLES LOWELL'S PELVIC BONES

Lowell, of Lubec, Maine, fractured his pelvis in a fall from a horse in 1821. The pelvis was treated by Dr. Micajah Hawkes. Lowell walked on it too soon, and it didn't heal well. Lowell blamed the physician and sued. After three highly publicized trials, the judge threw the case out of court. Lowell, however, apparently couldn't forget it. His will directed that after his death, which occurred in 1858, a postmortem examination be made. It showed that Lowell had been wrong. The celebrated pelvic bones were preserved in a Boston anatomical museum while the rest of the body was buried in Maine.

JOSE RIZAL'S VERTEBRA

Rizal, the national hero of the Philippines, was accused of sedition and executed by the Spanish in 1896 and buried without a coffin. He was exhumed in August 1898, after the Americans took Manila. Most of Rizal's remains are interred beneath the Rizal Monument in Luneta—all except one of his cervical vertebrae; it is enshrined like a holy relic in Fort Santiago.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HAIR AND TOOTH

In June 1793, Washington gave a locket containing a clipping of his hair to his aide-de-camp, Col. John Trumbull. When Trumbull died, he willed the lock of hair to a first cousin of the president's, Dr. James A. Washington, who passed it along to his family as a sort of "hair-loom." Washington's dentist, John Greenwood, managed to acquire another collectible that the president shed from his person—the last of his natural teeth. Washington mailed the tooth to Greenwood to use as a model in making a new set of dentures. The dentist kept the tooth as a souvenir, and it remained in the Greenwood family for generations.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S HEAD

This great Catholic theologian and philosopher is one person who definitely did not rest in peace. Almost 300 years after his death in 1274, his remains were caught in the middle of a French religious war that pitted the Roman Catholic Church against the Protestant Huguenots. In 1562, Bonaventure's tomb at Lyons was plundered. While his body was publicly burned, the head—said to be perfectly preserved—was saved and hidden by one of the faithful. It disappeared, however, during the French Revolution and has not been seen since.



DAN SICKLES'S LEG

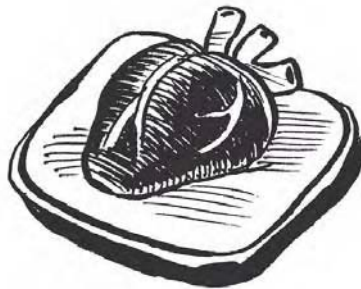
Sickles was a colorful New York congressman who organized and led a brigade of volunteers at the outbreak of the Civil War. He was involved in some of the bloodiest fighting at Gettysburg, losing his own right leg in the battle. That trauma, however, didn't diminish Sickles's personal flair. He had the leg preserved and sent to Washington, where it was exhibited in a little wooden coffin at the Medical Museum of the Library of Congress. Sickles frequently visited it himself.

MAJ. JOHN W. POWELL'S BRAIN

Geologist Powell donated his brain to the Smithsonian Institution, of which he was an official, in order to settle a bet with an associate over whose brain was larger. Although Powell's gray matter is still in the museum's collection, that of his associate is nowhere to be found, which makes Powell the winner by default.

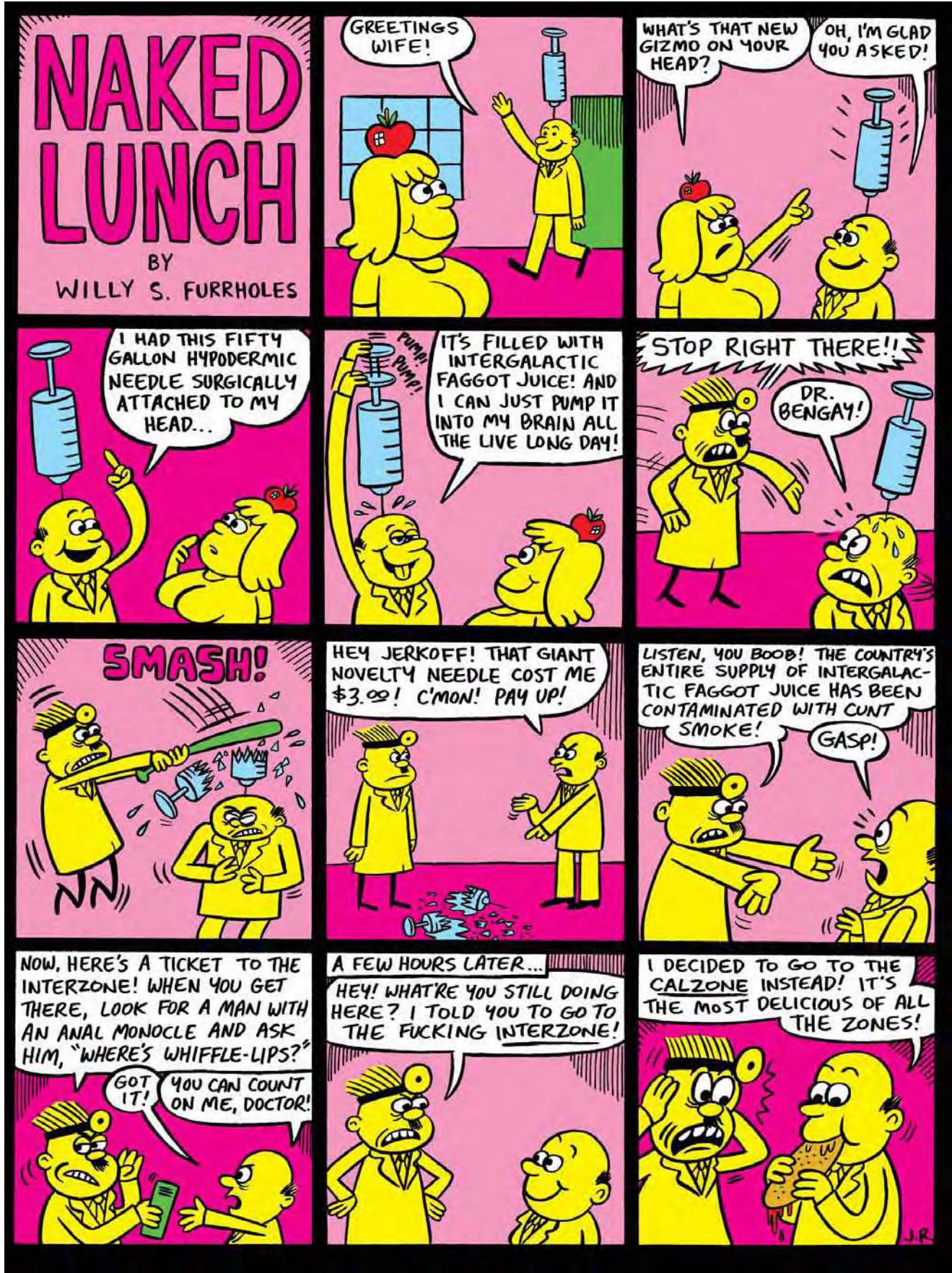
LAZZARO SPALLANZANI'S BLADDER

When Italian biologist Spallanzani died in 1799, his diseased bladder was excised for study by his colleagues. Afterward, it was placed on public display in a museum in Pavia, Italy, where it remains today, a monument to the inquisitive mind.



BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN'S HEART

Lausanne, Switzerland, and Olympia, Greece, are the two most revered sites of the modern Olympic movement. Coubertin, the founder of that movement, left a part of himself in each place. His will requested that his body be buried at Lausanne, the site of International Olympic Committee headquarters. But first his heart was to be removed and placed in a marble column at Olympia, where the ancient games were held.



VICE RECORDS ON TOUR

BLOC PARTY.



- September**
- 7 Chicago, IL.....Hideout Block Party
 - 9 Montreal, PQ.....Osheaga Festival
 - 11 Milwaukee, WI.....Pabst Theatre
 - 12 Indianapolis, IN.....Egyptian Room
 - 13 Columbus, OH.....Promo West Pavilion
 - 14 St. Louis, MO.....The Pageant
 - 16 Austin, TX.....ACL Festival at Zilker Park
 - 19 Mexico City, MX.....National Auditorium
 - 21 Houston, TX.....Warehouse Live
 - 22 Dallas, TX.....House of Blues
 - 23 Tulsa, OK.....Cain's Ballroom
 - 25 Nashville, TN.....City Hall
 - 26 Covington, KY.....Madison Theater
 - 28 Toronto, ON.....Ricoh Coliseum
 - 29 London, ON.....John Labatt Centre
 - 30 Ottawa, ON.....Capital Music Hall

- October**
- 2 Providence, RI.....Lupo's at The Strand
 - 3 New York, NY.....WaMu Theater at MSG

PANTHERS



With High On Fire, Mono and Coliseum

- September**
- 8 Montreal, PQ.....Osheaga Festival
 - 20 San Diego, CA.....Casbah
 - 21 Los Angeles, CA.....El Rey
 - 22 Phoenix, AZ.....Brickhouse Theater
 - 23 Albuquerque, NM.....Lunch Pad
 - 25 San Antonio, TX.....White Rabbit
 - 26 Dallas, TX.....Granada Theater
 - 27 Austin, TX.....Emo's Outside Room
 - 28 Houston, TX.....Meridian Room
 - 29 New Orleans, LA.....One Eyed Jack's

- October**
- 1 Knoxville, TN.....Blue Cats
 - 2 Athens, GA.....40 Watt Club
 - 3 Asheville, NC.....Orange Peel
 - 4 Wilmington, NC.....Soapbox
 - 5 Richmond, VA.....Toad's Place
 - 6 Baltimore, MD.....Rams Head Live
 - 7 Philadelphia, PA.....Theater of Living Arts
 - 8 New York, NY.....Webster Hall
 - 10 Brooklyn, NY.....Williamsburg Music Hall
 - 11 Cambridge, MA.....Middle East Downstairs
 - 12 Providence, RI.....Living Room
 - 13 Montreal, QC.....Les Saints
 - 14 Toronto, ON.....Opera House
 - 16 Buffalo, NY.....Showplace Theater
 - 17 Cleveland Heights, OH.....Grog Shop
 - 18 Detroit, MI.....Magic Stick
 - 19 Chicago, IL.....Double Door
 - 20 Madison, WI.....High Noon Salon
 - 21 Minneapolis, MN.....First Avenue
 - 24 Vancouver, B.C.....Richards on Richards
 - 25 Seattle, WA.....Crocodile Cafe
 - 26 Portland, OR.....Dante's
 - 28 San Francisco, CA.....Independent
 - 29 San Francisco, CA.....Independent

Justice



- October**
- 5 Mexico City, MX.....Velvet
 - 7 San Diego, CA.....4th & B
 - 9 Los Angeles, CA.....Henry Fonda Theater
 - 10 San Francisco, CA.....Mezzanine
 - 11 Portland, OR.....Holocene
 - 12 Seattle, WA.....Neumo's
 - 13 Vancouver, CA.....Commodore Ballroom
 - 16 Minneapolis, MN.....Foundation
 - 17 Chicago, IL.....Metro
 - 18 Toronto, ON.....Republik
 - 19 Montreal, QC.....Metropolis
 - 20 New York, NY.....Terminal 5
 - 21 Philadelphia, PA.....Starlight Ballroom

BLACK LIPS

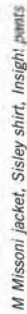
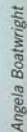


- September**
- 12 Athens, GA.....40 Watt Club
 - 13 Carrboro, NC.....Cat's Cradle
 - 14 Baltimore, MD.....Sonar
 - 15 Washington, DC.....Black Cat
 - 16 Philadelphia, PA.....Khyber
 - 18 New York, NY.....Bowery Ballroom
 - 19 Brooklyn, NY.....Music Hall of Williamsburg
 - 21 Cambridge, MA.....Middle East Upstairs
 - 22 Montreal, QC.....La Sala Rossa
 - 23 Toronto, ON.....Horseshoe Tavern
 - 25 Detroit, MI.....Magic Stick
 - 26 Cleveland, OH.....Beachland Ballroom
 - 27 Covington, KY.....Mad Hatter
 - 28 Chicago, IL.....Logan Square Auditorium
 - 29 Milwaukee, WI.....Mad Planet
 - 30 Minneapolis, MN.....Triple Rock

- October**
- 2 Omaha, NE.....The Waiting Room
 - 3 Kansas City, MO.....Grand Emporium
 - 4 Dallas, TX.....Loft
 - 5 Austin, TX.....Emo's
 - 6 Houston, TX.....Engine Room
 - 7 New Orleans, LA.....One Eyed Jacks
 - 11 Vancouver, BC.....Richard's On Richards
 - 12 Seattle, WA.....Crocodile Cafe
 - 13 Portland, OR.....Dante's
 - 15 San Francisco, CA.....Great American Music Hall
 - 17 Pomona, CA.....Glasshouse Concert Hall
 - 18 San Deigo, CA.....Casbah
 - 19 West Hollywood, CA.....Troubadour
 - 20 Echo Park, CA.....Echoplex

Photo taken from the Black Lips recent tour in Palestine
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